FROM KAW TEEPEE TO CAPITOL

THE STORY OF CHARLES CURTIS

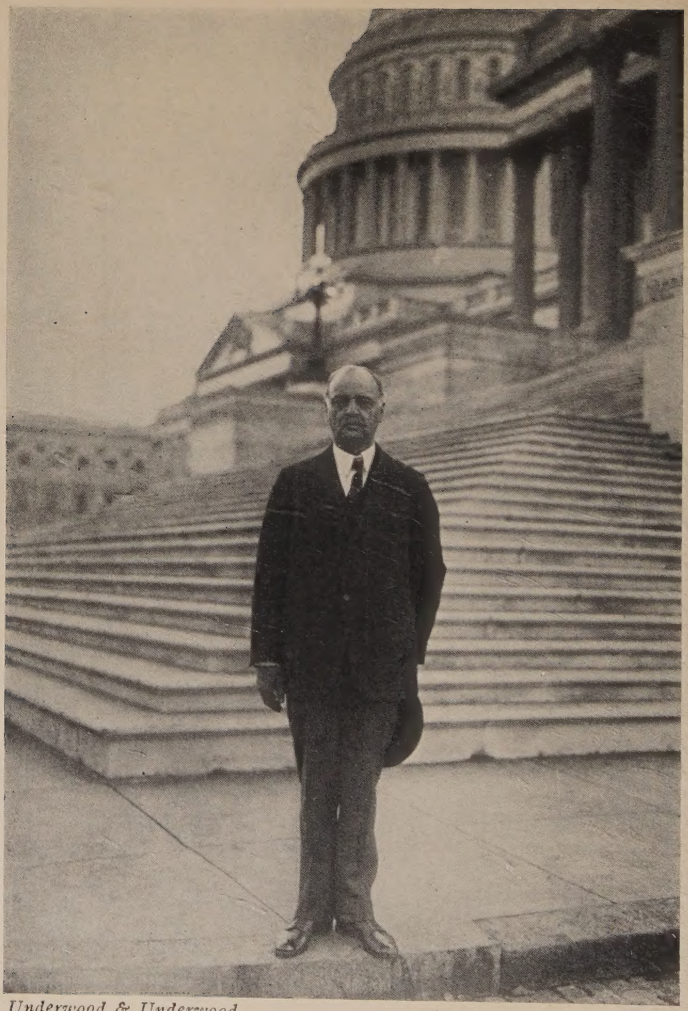
by

DON C. SEITZ

FROM KAW TEEPEE TO CAPITOL

Mrs Vinnie H Scott

1933.



Underwood & Underwood

SENATOR CHARLES CURTIS OF KANSAS
AT THE CAPITOL

FROM KAW TEEPEE TO CAPITOL

The Life Story of Charles Curtis, Indian, Who Has Risen to High Estate

BY

DON C. SEITZ

Author of "Uncommon Americans," "The Dreadful Decade," "The Also Rans," etc.

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TO MY FRIEND

HEN-TOH, WYANDOT

(B. N. O. WALKER)

FOREWORD

THE name Indian as applied to the native red man of America is a misnomer. It grew out of the error of Columbus who had set out to find a western route to India. So firmly was the thought of India implanted in his mind that when he sighted land he was perfectly certain that it was India, and that the natives who lived upon it were Indians. To this day the Europeans distinguish our Indians from those of the far East by calling them "red Indians."

It is too late to deplore the fate of the American Indian. The race which was estimated to number nearly one thousand tribes when Captain John Smith brought the first English to Virginia in 1606 has dwindled save in the Southwest to scattering remnants of the once powerful tribes. The four hun-

dred and four broken treaties now in the national archives at Washington bear witness to the treatment which the red man has received at the hands of the white.

For 250 years the red people defended themselves against the invading white with a skill and courage rarely equaled among uncivilized men. They produced many warriors and some statesmen of a very high order.

For many years our Government went on the theory that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. This policy has now happily been abandoned. And an Indian is presumed to be good until proved bad. Indian students are to be found not only in the Indian schools, but in nearly every large university in the country. As to numbers the red race is now on the upward turn, numbering more than 350,000 souls.

In the World War the Indians were called upon to furnish their quota of fighting men. At the front they served with high credit, being especially useful as scouts, wire tappers

and field telephone observers. Enemy wire tappers could not understand their language and were greatly baffled. But even the Indians were shocked at the brutality of the war. "The way these white men kill each other is horrible," one young Sioux wrote home to his mother in Rosebud.

There are Indians in nearly all the arts and professions. And at last an Indian has received the honor of being nominated by one of the two great political parties of our land for the position of Vice-President. It is to tell the American boys the story of the rise of this man from a little Indian boy on the Kaw reservation to the halls of Government in Washington that this book is written.

Thanks are due to Frank P. MacLennan, publisher of the *Topeka Journal,* and to Arthur J. Carruth, its managing editor, for important assistance in gathering material for this volume.

D. C. S.

Cos Cob, Conn.,
July 4, 1928.

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FROM KAW TEEPEE TO CAPITOL

CHAPTER I

CHARLES CURTIS, KAW

At some time in his life the thought comes to nearly every American boy that he may one day become the President of his country. Not that he thinks there is any great likelihood that he actually will sit in the great presidential chair at Washington—just the possibility that he *may*. And it is a pleasing possibility, one that every boy enjoys carrying around in the back of his mind. He doesn't say a great deal about it but he likes to fondle the thought that this great honor may some day come to him. He wonders how it would seem to be the President of over a hundred million people, whether he would like it, how all these people would like him, and a hundred and one other things. And often a boy goes a little farther and wonders if perhaps he isn't

a little more likely to become Vice-President than President.

It isn't very probable, however, that any little Indian boy thinks a great deal about it one way or the other. No Indian boy ever has become either President or Vice-President. And if an Indian boy does begin to dream over the possibilities that are open for him when he is a man, his thrill is limited to that of becoming a chief, or perhaps of getting an education and making a great teacher of himself.

What, for example, must the thoughts of little Charles Curtis have been? He was born of a mother who was part Indian and who was proud of her ancestry. She thought the Indian ways were best, and brought up her baby after the customs of the Indians. As a child little Charlie always thought of himself as an Indian. When he was one year old he was given a smart pony named Kate and was taught to ride her bareback, clinging to her mane to keep from falling off. By the time

he was three he could ride alone at some speed, and his mother had already taught him to swim by dropping him in the Kansas River and letting him splash around by himself.

He was not yet four years old when his mother died, and soon afterward his father rode away to fight on the side of the North in the Civil War. Perhaps the little fellow thought more of being a great soldier like his father than of going to Washington to fill one of the highest positions of honor in the gift of the American people. And yet, on the fifteenth day of July, 1928, this same little Indian boy was nominated by the Republican party as the candidate for Vice-President on the ticket headed by Herbert Hoover.

Of course the little Indian boy did not step at one stride from the wild roving life of an Indian into this exalted position. He started with no greater chance of success than any American boy has. Indeed, it may be said that his chances were not so good as the average boy as he had to overcome the free roving

instincts of the Indian blood in his veins. For the Indian has wandered the plains and forests of America for so many generations hunting and fishing whenever he felt like it that his traditions are all for taking life easy. With few exceptions the American Indian has never shown any strong inclination for regular hours or hard work.

Charles Curtis came into the world at a time when America was in a state of the greatest unrest. He was born at North Topeka in the state of Kansas on the twenty-fifth day of January, 1860, and although the drums of the Civil War were not actually rolling at the time, the war clouds were gathering. Feeling was running so high that hostilities could have begun at any moment.

Kansas and Nebraska were not yet admitted to statehood at the time of Charlie's birth. Indeed, they were not even separate territories, but together comprised a great flat rolling empire known as the Kansas-Nebraska Territory. This broad expanse of land was

the home of a number of semi-civilized tribes of Indians which had been driven westward by the rising tide of white settlers pushing on from the Atlantic coast. There were the Wyandots, the Shawnees, the Delawares and the Senecas, all superior tribes. They had been migrating from east of the Mississippi, largely from Ohio, for more than twenty years, and had settled between Kansas City and Fort Leavenworth. The Pawnees who had long been in this neighborhood and had come to regard the lands as their own resented this invasion and determined to put an end to it if possible. They accordingly attacked the Delawares and attempted to drive them out, but were unsuccessful. Indeed they were badly beaten.

No doubt they laid their defeat to the fact that the Delawares had been reënforced by some of the Sacs and Foxes from Illinois and Wisconsin. For they did not immediately give up the attempt to rid the land of the newcomers, but called on their friends the Chey-

ennes to help them clean house. And once more they came whooping to the fray. But the Delawares were ready for them and dealt out to them so decisive a defeat that they abandoned the attempt to drive out Eastern Indians and turned their attention to the Kaws and some of the other small tribes. The white settlers following on the heels of the tribes they had driven from the East came pouring into the Kansas-Nebraska territory. And as the difference of opinion over slavery was by that time reaching the point of acuteness between the North and the South, the question as to whether this newly settled country in the West should come into the Union as free states or slave states at once assumed the greatest importance.

Back in the more thickly settled East the Abolitionists who had no large plantations to work were demanding the freedom of all slaves. This the South refused as an invasion of their rights. Then the question of a protective tariff was another point at issue. New

England, which was mostly engaged in manufacture, had put through a protective tariff to keep out the manufactured goods of other countries. The South having no manufactures of its own resented this. It had long been a source of disagreement and as far back as 1830 South Carolina had voted to disregard the law and had nearly precipitated a secession.

A compromise had been reached in 1820 about the extension of slavery to the newly settled West, and though Missouri had come into the Union as a slave state, an agreement had been made that slavery should extend no farther westward than the line then drawn. But when Texas revolted from Mexico and came in with slavery a fear arose in the North that slave states would dominate the nation and so bring about an economic reaction unfavorable to New England. The old South, on the other hand, was fearful that it would be controlled by the North unless it could extend slavery to some of the newly acquired prairie

states. It will be seen at once that the organization of the Kansas-Nebraska Territory became a matter of great political and economic importance.

The Wyandots, who were the last of the Eastern Indians to arrive, reached the present site of Kansas City, Kansas, in 1843. Stephen A. Douglas, then a congressman from Illinois, on December 17, 1845, introduced a bill to organize this land into a territory. The bill was killed and the question lay dormant until 1848 when Mr. Douglas, who had meanwhile been elected to the Senate, tried again without success. Then came the gold strike in California, and a white tide of gold seekers headed for the Pacific coast went sweeping across the lands of the tribes who had removed for safety and had pressed on further west.

At the instance of the Wyandots a council was called at Fort Leavenworth, October 11, 1848, at which the question of establishing territorial rights was left to the Wyandot chiefs.

The chiefs petitioned Congress in 1852, but received no attention. They next sent a delegate to Washington in the person of Abelhard Guthrie. His appointment was resented by the Government which still took no action. But the chiefs who had by this time become very determined, refused to be put aside any longer, and in July 26, 1853, in the Wyandot Council House they organized a Provincial Government with William Walker, a man in whom white blood predominated, as its head. So it came about that the Kansas-Nebraska Territory first took form under Indian initiative and leadership.

The struggle for control between North and South then began in earnest. Missouri took the side of the South with Senator D. R. Atchison as its active agent. Governor Walker called an election to choose a Territorial delegate. The election resulted in a contest between Guthrie, H. D. Johnston, and Thomas Johnson, each of whom claimed to have been elected, and went to Washington.

None of them was recognized by the Government.

The situation had now become so tense that Congress felt that it had to act. It therefore passed the Kansas-Nebraska bill that went into effect May 15, 1854, and which instead of settling the contest revived it with an intensity that became a small Civil War, led by the celebrated John Brown of Ossawatomie. Missouri and New England fought it out on behalf of slavery and freedom. New England won, and Kansas, though not admitted as a state until 1861, came in as a free state. It was during this exciting contest that Charlie Curtis was born.

It so happened that Oren A. Curtis, the father of Charlie, had taken an active hand in these proceedings under the lead of Preston B. Plumb, afterwards Senator from Kansas. Oren was the son of William Curtis whose ancestors had landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in 1621. William Curtis had been born in New York state in 1800, and had migrated

to Eugene, Vermilion County, Indiana, when a young man of twenty-six. There he had met Miss Permelia Hubbard, formerly a resident of Sheffield, Massachusetts, a pleasant town in the Berkshires. They were married in August, 1828, and like most pioneers had a large family of children. There were fourteen in all, five of whom were living in 1928. Rather remarkable showing when it is recalled that their father was born one hundred and twenty-eight years ago. But the father of Charlie Curtis, it is sad to note, did not live to witness the great honor that was to come to his son. He died in Oklahoma in 1898.

But how different we shall find the mother's side of the family. There was no landing at Plymouth here; no necessity for it. The mother's family had been in America long before the eventful voyage of Columbus, perhaps since the days when Europe was a wilderness. There were no kings or princes among the red people. Rank went by chieftainship and descent was from the mother. That is,

the son of a chief's daughter held such inheritance as circumstances permitted. And so it happened that Charles Curtis was descended from a line of leaders in two Indian nations.

Pahuska or "White Hair," chief of the Osages, had a fair daughter, Wy-he-see, who after the manner of Indians married outside her tribe Nom-pa-wa-rah or "White Plume," head chief of the Kaws. Their daughter in turn wedded Louis Gonville, a French trader from St. Louis who had settled among the Kaws, or Kansas people as they were then known. The Gonvilles were blessed with four daughters, Victorie, Josette, Pelagie, and Julie, the grandmother of Charlie Curtis. Julie married Louis Pappan, another French trader, and it was their daughter Helen who wedded Oren A. Curtis and became the mother of Charlie.

Pahuska's name appears on treaties made with the United States September 25, 1818; August 21, 1822; June 2, 1825, and August 18,

1825. He was evidently a great man among the Osages, and a thriving Oklahoma town was named for him.

Nom-pa-wa-rah, the Kaw grandfather, was a man of consequence as well as head chief. George Catlin, the noted artist and explorer who spent a decade among the Indians nearly a hundred years ago, visited the Kaws in the thirties and found White Plume to be "a very urbane and hospitable man, of good, portly size, speaking some English and making himself good company for all white persons who travel through his country and have the good luck to share his liberal and hospitable hand."

Catlin did not paint White Plume's portrait. "It has been to me a source of much regret," he records, "that I did not get the portrait of this celebrated chief." He painted several others, however: Sho-me-cos-se, "The Wolf," whom he calls "a chief of some distinction with a bold and manly outline of head, exhibiting like most of this tribe an European outline of feature, signally worthy

the notice of the inquiring world." The head of this chief, he says, was curiously ornamented and his neck bore a profusion of wampum strings.

Others portrayed were Meach-o-shin-gaw or "Little White Bear," Chesh-oo-hong-ha or "Man of Good Sense," and Wa-hon-ga-she or "No Fool." These he calls distinguished and says that all furnish striking instances of the bold almost Roman outline spoken of.

These portraits are now happily lodged in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, numbered 133, 134, 135 and 136.

Another traveler, James T. Irving, brother of Washington Irving, has left the following account of White Plume in his "Indian Sketches":

"Two days after the departure of the Konza band we were seated in our chamber when a heavy muffled tread jarred upon the piazza in front of us. A large Indian passed the window and a moment afterwards he entered the room. He was tall and muscular though his

form, through neglect of exercise, was verging towards corpulency. He wore a hat after the fashion of the whites, a calico hunting shirt and rough leggings. Over the whole was wrapped a heavy blanket. His face was unpainted and although nearly seventy, his hair was raven black, eye keen as a hawk. He was White Plume, chief of the Konza nation. After making a speech through an interpreter and receiving various gifts, he departed."

By "Konza" he meant "Kansas," which finally became "Kaw." Another Kansas pioneer, John M. McCoy, writing in 1875, gave some further recollections of White Plume as follows:

" . . . You speak of the stone house or chimney about two miles west of the Kansas agency. That was the stone building built by the government for White Plume, head chief of the Kanzans in 1827 or '28. . . . We passed by it in 1830 and found the gallant old chieftain sitting in state, rigged out in a profusion of feathers, wampum, brass armlets, etc., at

the door of a lodge he had erected a hundred yards or so to the northwest of his stone mansion, and in honor of our expected arrival the stars and stripes were floating in the breeze on a tall pole over him. He was large, fine looking and inclined to corpulency, and received my father with the grace and dignity of a real live potentate and graciously signified his willingness to accept any amount of bacon and other presents we might be disposed to tender him. Asked why he abandoned his princely mansion, his laconic explanation was 'Too much fleas.' A hasty examination made of the house justified the wisdom of his removal. It was not only alive with fleas, but the floors, doors and windows had disappeared, and even the casings had been pretty much used up for kindling wood."

Louis Pappan, grandfather of Charlie Curtis, and his brother Auguste were enterprising persons. They ran a ferry across the Kansas River and Louis lived on the north bank in a cabin situated upon a square mile of land

owned by his wife, and adjoining North Topeka. And it was while working as ferryman for the Pappan brothers that Charlie's father met and married Helen Pappan. The cabin where they lived stood in a fine grove of walnut, elm and hackberry trees, behind a screen of hazel bushes, elderberries and wild grape vines near what is now North Harrison and Curtis streets. It was in this building that Charles Curtis first saw the light.

The young mother had been given a certain amount of rudimentary education at St. Mary's School and was a very attractive person. Yet the Indian side of her character predominated and influenced her in the bringing up of her baby during the three years that she lived after his birth. But the spiritual welfare of the child was not overlooked. He was taken to the Osage Catholic Mission, at St. Mary's, Kansas, where he was baptized by Father L. Dumortier, a Jesuit missionary. "This fifteenth of April, 1860," the record reads, "I have solemnly baptized Charles Cur-

tis, the legitimate son of William Curtis and Ellen Papin, born on the twenty-fifth of January, 1860. Sponsors, Henry Papin and Suzanne Papin. L. Dumortier, S.J."

The name "William" is an error. William was the grandfather, not the father.

After the death of his mother Charlie was sent to live with his grandfather and grandmother Curtis who had come to Kansas a short time before. William Curtis founded a town which he called Eugene after the place where he had lived in Indiana. He built and kept a hotel in which the family lived, and as this was not considered a suitable home for little Charlie he was sent for a visit to his grandmother Pappan at Council Grove. Here the Kaw people had their homes and what promised to be a visit turned out quite a long stay among the Indians.

CHAPTER II

THE KAW PEOPLE

CHARLIE was only six years old when he went to make his home among the Indians. He must have looked very small to the big bronzed hunters as he came jogging across the dusty prairies on his pony. And no doubt they thought him a cute little fellow as he reined up Kate in their midst. How could they have guessed at that time that the shy little boy sitting there on his pony would one day rank as greatest of all the Kaws? That he would represent the great State of Kansas in the Senate of the United States, and that he was destined, perhaps, to occupy a position next in importance only to that of President?

But one never can tell from looking at a boy what an important career is ahead of him, and no doubt the Kaw braves who saw him that

day did not give him a second thought. Buffalo meat was scarce, and the buffalo was daily moving farther away and if they thought of Charlie at all it was probably to wonder how long it would be before he could bag a little game for the tribe.

This was in 1866 and Kaws were at the time settled on lands assigned to them by the Government along the Neosho River. They were not really native to this immediate neighborhood. They had migrated from farther north as they were originally part of the great Siouan tribe which once had roamed the prairies of the northwest from Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains. In language and customs they were related to the Osage and Quapaw tribes, the descendants of which are still to be found in Oklahoma. Once, indeed, they were part of the same tribe. But for some reason not now known they had separated. And once separated they had never come together again. All were located in the neighborhood of the confluence of the Osage and

Missouri rivers, and as time went on they broke up still further until finally there were five smaller tribes where there had formerly been only one large one. In addition to those already named there were the Poncas, and the Omahas.

The Osages moved up toward the headwaters of the river bearing their name. The Omahas and Poncas crossed the Osage and moved northward into the Nebraska region while the Kaws took up their abode in a locality where the Kansas River enters the Missouri on its southern side. Here they remained for a time and then went on to a better buffalo country along the northern border of Kansas, but not to stay. For the fierce Cheyennes resented their coming and drove them back again to their old lands at the mouth of the Kansas.

Father Marquette came across the Kaws, or Kansas people, as he called them, when he mapped the Mississippi Valley and part of the Missouri in 1674. He then placed them

between the Osages and the Omahas along the Kansas River, and reported their number as some twenty villages. He also noted that they had seen white men before his coming. Indeed they had seen the face of a European long before the Pilgrims had set foot on Plymouth Rock; for they were dwelling comfortably in their twenty villages along the banks of the Kansas in 1601 when they were visited by Juan de Onate, a Spanish explorer who had set out from the Mission San Gabriel in New Mexico in quest of the famed city of Quivera. He calls them "Escansasques," and describes the place where they lived as being one hundred leagues to the northwest, near the "Panama" by which it is supposed he meant the Pawnees. Onate did not attack the Kaws, but it so happened that Spain was not destined to overlord the plains though handy to them in New Mexico.

The next white faces these ancestors of Charlie's were to see were French. These came by sea to the mouth of the Missis-

sippi and founded New Orleans. They also made their way down the big river from Quebec and Montreal by way of the Great Lakes and the Illinois River, founding towns along the way.

D'Iberville, who went by water from Quebec to settle Louisiana, visited the Kaws in 1702. He found them friendly to the whites, and reported them as numbering about 1,500 families or lodges. Another Frenchman, one Bourgmont, visited them in 1723. He described them as living on a small river flowing from the north, thirty leagues above the Kansas River and near the Missouri. He called them "Quaws" and reported that they lived in a large village.

The celebrated explorers, Meriweather Lewis and William Clark, while on their memorable trip into the Northwest in 1804, visited two Kaw villages on the Kansas River. One was sixty and the other a hundred and twenty miles from the mouth. They found the natives in a low estate, however, both in

means and numbers having suffered greatly from the attacks made upon them by the Sacs and Foxes of the Illinois-Wisconsin country.

Another early account of Kaws was given by Captain Ezekiel Williams, a venturesome trapper, who fell in with them while returning from a trapping trip begun in 1807. He reported them as using boats made of dried buffalo hides, clumsy and not very buoyant, as the skins were soon soaked with water. It appears that when he came upon them he was in distress of some sort, but well loaded with beaver skins. The head chief safeguarded his belongings and he joined a war party against the Pawnees. He reports a "terrible battle" in which his rifle played a considerable part and the Kaws were victors. He seems to have mistrusted his hosts, but in the end his furs were carried to Fort Osage and afterward conveyed to St. Louis where they were sold to advantage.

Uncle Sam first noticed the Kaws, or Kansas people in 1815. The War of 1812 had

ended, and new adjustments with some of the Indian nations were being made. To clean up Missouri, then nearing statehood, Ninian Edwards and Auguste Chouteau concluded, on October 28, 1815, a treaty which pledged "perpetual peace and friendship" between the two parties to the agreement. The treaty was executed at St. Louis. On behalf of the tribe Cayezettanzaw, the head chief, set his mark to the document along with eighteen minor chiefs. Some of their names were high-sounding, for example: Hazeware, meaning "Black Elk"; Manshenscaw, or "White Plume"; Mocupamaway, or "Walking Cloud"; Kaekamony, or "Floating Down Stream"; Karasheensaw, or "Little Crow"; Metanesaw, or "Foolish Robe"; Wehurasudze, or "Red Eagle"; Necolebran, or "He-who-can-smell-a-man"; Taritchu, or the "Cow's Rib."

At the time this treaty was made the Kaws were centered on the Kansas River around the mouth of the Saline. The 1,500 lodges noted

by D'Iberville had shrunk to one hundred and thirty huts built of earth and sod.

The white pressure renewed itself in 1825 when a new treaty was made at St. Louis with William Clark acting for the Government. This time the Kaws gave up their lands in the state of Missouri and were given title to a reservation twenty leagues up the Kansas River from its junction with the Missouri. Government agents were established to look out for them, schools promised, together with a payment to the tribe of $3,500 a year for twenty years either in cash, stock, provisions or merchandise. They were to be given at once three hundred cattle, as many hogs, five hundred chickens, three yokes of oxen, two carts and agricultural implements to equip them up for farming. Land was set aside to provide school funds and the French half-breeds in the tribe were each given a square mile of land to the number of fourteen. The beneficiaries so liberally cared for included Josette, Julie, Pelagie and Victorie, children

of Louis Gonville. This was some thirty years before Julie was to find herself the grandmother of a baby boy named Charles Curtis.

In addition the Government agreed to contribute $500 towards paying the tribal indebtedness to Francis G. Chouteau of St. Louis, plus $2,000 worth of goods. New Indian names adorned this document, the most notable being that of Mahetonga, or the "American."

The first name signed to this treaty was that of Nom-pa-wa-rah, or "White Plume," the great-grandfather of Charles Curtis. Other signers were Ky-he-ga-wa-ti-min-ka or "The Full Chief," Ky-he-ga-wa-che-he or "The Chief of Great Valor," Ky-he-ga-shin-ga or "The Little Chief," Me-chu-chin-ga or "Little White Bear," Hu-ni-ah-te or "The Real Eagle," Wa-can-da-ga-tun-ga or "The Great Doctor," O-pa-she-ga or "The Cooper," Ca-she-se-gra or "The Track that Sees Far," and two untranslated, Ka-ha-ni-hu and Cha-ha-mush.

Another treaty was ratified in 1826 giving a right of way to the United States through the Kaw or Kansas lands to Mexico which the Mexicans might use in return. This became the famous Santa Fe Trail. Benjamin H. Reeves, George C. Sibley and Thomas Mather negotiated this agreement for the Government. For the Indians it was signed by Shone-ge-ne-gare, the "Great Chief" of the Kansas (Kaw) nation; his eldest son Ke-hea-kash-ea; Opa-she-ga, or "The Unready"; Ha-ra-soo-gee, or "The Red Eagle" and others including Nee-ha-wash-in-tunga, or "The Passionate Warrior" and To-ka-me-na, or "The Scalper."

Despite the good intent of the Government the tools were unused and the stock wasted. The Kaws were wanderers of the forest and plain and could not tie themselves to toil. Concentrated on limited land they failed to till the soil as expected or to go to school. Work was not inviting, and if fields were tilled the crops were likely to prove tempting

to some of their wilder neighbors, the worst of whom were the swift riding Pawnees. Kiowas and Comanches were also attentive at times, while the more distant Cheyennes came whooping down occasionally for a raid. The poor Kaws were not in a pleasant situation. By 1836 they were reckoned at 1,800 souls and were fast fading. In 1843 the Indian bureau took a census that reported 1,588. By 1846 they were again in the way of the whites, and on January 14th of that year another treaty was made at Methodist Mission, Kansas, by which they relinquished some 2,000,000 acres of their Kansas land and turned their faces farther to the west. They were assigned lands at Council Grove, on the Neosho River, in Morris County, Kansas. Here they were to dwell for a generation but not always in peace nor in plenty. Famine occurred as the buffalo went farther and farther away, and in the winter of 1852-3 an epidemic of smallpox cost over four hundred lives.

This new home of the Kaws, which was

later to become the home of Charlie Curtis, lay in a pleasant country. Captain George F. Ruxton, an English traveler and big-game hunter who visited them not long after they were settled there wrote of it: "On approaching Council Grove the scenery became very picturesque. The prairie lost its flat and monotonous character and was broken into hills and valleys, with well timbered knolls scattered here and there, intersected with clear and bubbling streams and covered with gaudy flowers, whose bright colors contrasted with the vivid green of the luxuriant grass. My eyes so long accustomed to the burned and withered vegetation of the (Rocky) mountains, reveled in this refreshing scenery and never tired of gazing upon the novel view. Council Grove is one of the most beautiful spots in the western country. A clear, rapid stream runs through the valley, bordered by a broad belt of timber which embraces all the varieties of forest trees common in the west. Oak, beech, elm, hickory, ash, walnut, etc.,

here presented themselves like old friends; squirrels jumped from branch to branch, the hum of the honey-bee sounded sweet and home-like, the well-known chatter of the blue jay and catbird resounded through the grove and in the evening the whip-poor-will serenaded us with its familiar tongue, and the drumming of the ruffed grouse boomed through the grove."

In addition to being the center of the Kaw country, Council Grove had become a way station on the Santa Fe Trail. Great rumbling wagon-trains pulled in during Ruxton's visit, heavy with dust and creaking for lack of moisture. The rough mule-skinners and teamsters rejoiced at the paradise they had reached. "They danced, sang and hurrahed," records the Captain, "as one after another some familiar note caught their ears."

A white trader had erected himself a log-house at the grove which appeared to Ruxton a magnificent palace. The trader, his cows and horses looked so fat and sleek that they

seemed unnaturally so. At the moment the Kaws were all out on the prairie hunting buffalo, but one lodge being visible in the grove. Journeying further from Council Grove to the Kaw or Kansas River he found the country increasing in beauty and affording many desirable sites for settlement, but as it was guaranteed by treaty to the Kaw and Osage Indians, no white man was allowed by the United States Government to settle on their lands. Several of the Kaws had built log shanties among the timbered knolls. And though they lived principally by hunting and fishing the Indians operated a ferry over the Kaw River which crossed the trail to Fort Leavenworth. This was quite an asset for a long time.

But somehow the poor Kaws seemed unable to make much progress. The Methodists and the Quakers maintained schools and missions nearby and though some children learned to read they were comparatively few. The old men thought it beneath them to take on white

man's ways—that is, the good ones. The evil ones of drunkenness and idleness were more easily adopted. T. S. Huffaker, who lived with them as a missionary from 1850 to 1873, is authority for the statement that only one convert to Christianity was made during that period. Not only did the men reject the good ways of the white man but they refused to live in the comfortable stone cabins built for them by the Government. They believed their own huts and tepees were healthier, as indeed they were under the Indian system of housekeeping. They stabled their ponies in the Government houses. When by themselves the Indians had been a moral and self-respecting people, who took good care of their own, but they rapidly deteriorated from contact with the whites.

The dress of the men consisted of a breechclout of red or blue cloth held in its place by a girdle around the waist. Leggings and a blanket over the shoulders with moccasins of buffalo hide completed the costume. All hair

was shaved from face and head except a scalp-lock at the back of the skull, worn for the convenience of enemies should the wearer be slain. The Pawnees, Osages and Comanches also shaved the scalp to a single lock, but the Arapahoes, Sioux and Cheyennes were content to braid a lock out of the center of their abundant hair for the benefit of the scalping knife.

The Kaw women wore skirts of cloth, held at the waist by a girdle, with leggings and moccasins and a cloth mantle for cold weather. They were brought up strictly—more so than in any of the other plains tribes—young girls being carefully guarded and respected. For ornaments silver bangles from Mexico were worn and tattooing was occasionally practiced.

The houses which they preferred to those furnished by the Government were described by Thomas Say, who visited them with the explorer Long in 1823.

"The roof," he says, "is supported by two

series of pillars, or rough vertical posts; the outer wall, of rude frame-work, is 5 or 6 feet high. Poles as thick as the leg at base reach nearly to the summit. These poles are very numerous and are placed all round in a radiating manner, and support the roof like rafters. Across these are laid long and slender sticks or twigs, attached parallel to each other by means of bark cord; these are covered by mats made of long grass, or reeds, or with the bark of trees; the whole is then covered completely over with earth, which, near the ground, is banked up to the eaves. A hole in the middle of the roof gives exit to the smoke. Around the walls of the interior mats are suspended. The bedsteads are elevated to the height of a common seat from the ground, and are about 6 feet wide; they extend in an uninterrupted line around three-fourths of the circumference of the apartment, and are formed in the simplest manner of numerous sticks or slender pieces of wood, resting at their ends on crosspieces, which are supported

by short notched or forked posts driven into the ground; bison skins supply them with a comfortable bedding."

Social life among the Kaws was always carefully regulated by a system of gentes or clans. Marriage was restricted according to these gentes.

The gentes of the Kaws as listed by Dr. J. C. Dorsey, in the fifteenth report of the Bureau of American Ethnology were as below:

1, Manyinka (earth lodge); 2, Ta (deer); 3, Panka (Ponca); 4, Kanze (Kansa); 5, Wasabe (black bear); 6, Wanaghe (ghost); 7, Kekin (carries a turtle on his back); 8, Minkin (carries the sun on his back); 9, Upan (elk); 10, Khuya (white eagle); 11, Han (night); 12, Ibache (holds the firebrand to sacred pipes); 13, Hangatanga (large Hanga); 14, Shedunga (buffalo bull); 15, Chizhuwashtage (Chizhu peacemaker); 16, Lunikashinga (thunderbeing people).

These gentes were reconstituted into seven phratries or brotherhoods. The names of the

villages were jaw-breakers. Some of them presented by Dr. Dorsey follow:

Bahekhube, Cheghulin (2), Djestyedje, Gakhulin, Gakhulinulinbe, Igamansabe, Inchi, Ishtakhechiduba, Manhazitanman, Manhazulin, Manhazulintanman, Manyinkatuhudje, Neblazhetama, Niudje, Padjegadjin, Pasulin, Tanmangile, Waheheyingetseyabe, Wazhazhepa, Yuzhemakancheubukhpaye, Zandjezhinga, Zandjulin, and Zhanichi.

The Kaw nation had diminished by 1860 to about 1,000 but from their scanty total sent eighty-four men to the Union army in the conflict between the states. Kansas bore a fervid part in this struggle and the Kaws did their share.

In 1866 a great change occurred in the country of the Kaws. Surveyors ran lines across the prairie, followed by gangs of men who graded the soil, laid down wooden ties to which they spiked iron rails and the wonderful thing called a railroad connected the tepees with the great outer world. This was

the line of the Kansas-Pacific railway, heading for Denver, in Colorado. In November, 1866, it had touched the Kaw villages.

It was at just this time that Charlie Curtis went to live with his Pappan grandparents among the Kaws. With what interest and what wonder he must have watched the coming of the construction gangs with their scrapers and graders, their sputtering dummy-engines and their long strings of jangling dump-cars. And what must have been the thoughts of the little fellow as he sat astride his pony on a rise of the ground and saw the first train go thundering across the plains?

What Charlie's thoughts were will probably never be known. But the thoughts of the railway promoters are not so hard to guess. For they were anxious to make their progress known to the Eastern investors and in order to secure some good publicity took a number of newspaper writers over the new line as far as it then went, in a special car, well-filled with refreshments and good fellows. One of

them was Charles Godfrey Leland, then an editorial writer on the Philadelphia *Press,* a leading paper in that day. Leland, who was the creator of the Breitmann Ballads, written in German dialect then enjoying great popularity, was learned in many ways. He took kindly to the Indians and has left in his writings a picture of the surroundings amid which Charlie Curtis was then living. He knew one Sioux word which the Kaws also understood. It was "washitaw," meaning "good" in English. He decided to try the effect of a "frank and genial style of boon fellowship" upon the Red Men, and began to make use of his one-word vocabulary. He would repeat the word "washitaw" as he cracked his riding whip and soon learned that the Indian word for whip was "b'meergashee." The interview proceeded somewhat like this:

Kaws:—evidently interested, with a deep grunt—"Ugh!"

Leland:—genially, cracking his whip, "B'meergashee, b'meergashee!"

Kaws:—more interested, "Ugh! Ugh!"

Leland:—pointing to a pony, "Shoonga!"

Kaws:—with some excitement, "Ugh—Shoonga!"

Leland:—pointing to a fine warrior, "You Kaw?"

Kaw:—with delighted smile, "Um, Me Kaw."

Leland:—to another, "Ugh, you Kaw?"

Kaw:—radiant, "Ugh, me Kaw."

Feeling a sense of kindred at this, Leland, a tall, long-bearded man of noble bearing, drew himself up to full height and assuming a stately air passed his hand over his face and beard, dropped it to his heart and exclaimed, "O nitchee. Me Kaw, Washitaw Indian!"

This self-adoption of the tribe caused the assembled Indians to gather about him in amible excitement exclaiming: "Him Kaw, too —Ugh! Ugh!" Soon he was on friendly terms with the wondering warriors. The acquaintance and mutual approval ripened into an invitation to become a member of the tribe.

That evening a wild scene followed. The Indians gathered about fires which supplied the only light and prepared to invest their visitor with the regalia of a tribesman for which he was eagerly waiting. A circle was formed into which he was led and amid much whooping and tom-toming he was made a member of the Kaw nation. "Now you good Indian," said the chief as he bestowed a token at the conclusion of the ceremony. A mad dance followed in which Leland joined, and to the excitement of the occasion he added on the spur of the moment a ferocious war-song which he made up as he went along:

Hoo! hoo! hoo! .The Muscolgee:
Wah! wah! wah! The blasted Tree!
I slew the chief of the Muscolgee,
I burnt his squaw at a blasted tree!
By the hind legs I tied up his cur,
He had no time to fondle her!
Hoo! hoo! hoo! The Muscolgee:
Wah! wah! wah! The blasted tree!
I stripped his skull all naked and bare,
And here's his scalp with a tuft of hair:
His heart is in the eagle's maw;

His bloody bones the wolf doth gnaw.
Hoo! hoo! hoo! The Muscolgee:
Wah! wah! wah! The blasted tree!
A fagot from the blasted tree
Fired the lodge of the Muscolgee:
His sinews serve to string my bow
When bent to lay his brethren low.
Hoo! hoo! hoo! The Muscolgee:
Wah! wah! wah! The blasted tree.

Leland's companions joined in the savage chorus and the excitement of the Kaws became intense. They crowded around, embraced the tall stranger and tried to add their voices to the refrain. Brigham, the driver who was to convey the white party further across the plains, afterward remarked: "Mr. Leland, you know Injun." That is, he was one of their kind and fitted in. He could have gone into any plains wigwam and been made welcome where men of another type and temperament would have lost their lives. It was something, even late in 1866, to "know Injun."

The trust of the Kaws was at once made manifest. The next day when the visitors

tried to exchange greenbacks for whips, robes and bows, no Kaw would take the money until he had first taken it to Leland and been assured that it was "washitaw."

At the time of Leland's visit the Kaws had diminished to about six hundred souls. They were in a sad way from taking on the vices of the white men and a general neglect of their own interests. The buffalo were also getting farther away which made meat more scarce. Mr. Farnsworth, the agent, with the help of a Quaker mission was trying to salvage the poor, forlorn people, who forty years before had been important enough to find a place in a missionary hymn published in the Unitarian Christian *Register* of Boston, one verse of which read:

The Choctaw and Cherokee
The Kickapoo and the Kaw:
Likewise the Pottawatomie—
O give them all Thy law!

Or perhaps they were put in for the sake of the rhyme.

The Kaws improved a little but suffered from Pawnee raiders who stole their horses and from the fierce Cheyennes who disputed their rights in hunting buffalo. But in spite of their unfortunate state Leland found them a good-looking people. Indeed, the early French explorers from whom came Charles Curtis's grandfather, called them *les beaux hommes*—handsome men. When arrayed for the chase, they shone in paint and bangles of silver. And one seen by Leland had his head shaved in two lines, the bare scalp being painted vermilion, and silver earrings with many pendants hung from his ears. He wore a necklace of beads ornamented with a brooch of shining shell while his hunting shirt of deer-skin was ornate with colors in pattern and embroidery.

Before the white men came, and indeed, long after, the Kaws headed their arrows with sharp triangles of flint or quartz or a volcanic glass found in the Southwest called obsidian. Charlie must have picked up many

of these. Having no tools, the Indians used stone implements for shaping the arrow heads, as indeed for all cutting and pounding operations. Stone hammers, knives and axes were also in use. The handles of these were made of green wythes—branches split and twisted —which shrank as they dried and were strong and elastic.

The sharp edges needed on knives, axes and arrows were made by chipping flakes of flint, quartz or obsidian as the case might be. This was done after they had been roughly shaped by the use of pincers made of bone, or by allowing drops of cold water to fall on the stone after it had been heated in the fire. The arrows were barbed so as to stay in the wound and worry the victim if not immediately fatal.

As my friend Hen-Toh, the Wyandot poet, has written:

Bit by bit with tireless effort
Was the hard flint flaked to form
Tip for shaft and spear-head
Long ago.

Time was counted naught in those days
And the end sufficed the needs
Of the patient worker
For his bow.

Skilled in craft of plain and mountain,
He must ever be alert
In the haunts of bison
Or of deer.

On the shores of lake and river
Trod his moccasin'd foot
And he sought sly quarry
For his spear.

The Kaw dialect was no doubt derived from that of the Dakota tribes. Leland, who was an expert linguist, wrote down the following list of words in general use by the Kaws:

Girl—shimny-shindy
Fire-water—pe'jene'h
Fire—pe'je
Water—ne'h
Pork—kek'usa
Apples—sitta
Tobacco—non'nee

How much—how'ee apossa
Full—osho
Overflowing—neosho
House—ch'i
Coffee—moecasabi
Soap—bes'k
Calico—halisha
Mule—not-a-tunga
Long—junga
Cooked—jewjah
Knife—mohi
White man—mohi-tunga
Flour—wah-biska
Gun—wakoota
Corn—wahpya
Woman—wahko
God-like—wahkonda-oosega
Bad—p'h j'e
Money—mozuka
Half—okuska
Dollar—bloga
Where are you going—hoangi je
Sugar—shawni

Black—sabe
Molasses—sabe shawni
Bull buffalo—shedunga
Cow buffalo—shemunga
Cattle—checka
Nose—hin

It is not too bad a pun to say that Leland's interest in the Indians became, as was said by one of his fellow travelers, the *Kaws* of much mirth!

The Kaws had corn and tobacco, and when tobacco was scarce they smoked the inner bark of the red willow, which is said to soothe the nerves. Corn and tobacco were the two great gifts of the red man to the world. The Pawnees, pestiferous neighbors of the Kaws, had a little song about "Mother Corn," which reads when freely translated:

Listen to us, Mother Corn,
Shining in the dewy morn:
We, your children, humbly pray
Thou wilt guide us on our way.
Show us how to journey far
Safe in peace and brave in war.

All we have, we owe to thee,
Gratefully we bow the knee.
Bless us, keep us, Mother Corn,
We, your eldest, longest born!

The pipe or calumet was in common use among them. These pipes were made from a soft red stone found in Minnesota and were traded in all over North America. When the French traders came they introduced a slender tomahawk, cast in metal, with a pipe bowl where a hammer head would usually be. The handle was hollow and the device served both as a pipe and weapon. The Kaws were great smokers and were as proud of their pipes as white men who now color their meerschaums and briar-woods with great care. Bowls and stems were elaborately carved and otherwise decorated, and the big chiefs had pipe-bearers whose business it was to have charge of their favorite pipes when not in use. In the councils, which were very solemn, a ceremonial pipe was passed around when important conclusions were reached, and no peace could be

concluded without smoking the calumet or peace-pipe. Each person concerned was supposed to take a whiff.

It is not at all likely that Charlie Curtis ever took a puff at the pipe of peace unless he did so in a spirit of mischief when nobody was looking; for he left the Indians before he was old enough to be admitted to their councils. But he must have been familiar with all the ceremonial that went with the conclusion of peace, and no doubt he fully understood the red man's love for his pipe.

But the life of the Kaw as a separate nation was not destined to last for many years after Charlie went to live among them. Sickness and poverty had left its mark on the tribe before his coming and eight years after his arrival, or in the year 1874, their Kansas lands were sold and a reservation bought with the proceeds in Oklahoma adjoining their kinsmen the Osages. But no longer was their domain to be a happy hunting ground, for the new land was parceled out by the acre and

allotted to the one hundred full-bloods and the two hundred-odd members of the tribe with an admixture of white or colored blood in their veins.

Charlie had already left before the breaking up of the Kansas reservation, but the years he had spent among them were happy years and no doubt had a great influence on his future life. So we must now have a look into his life among the Kaws while he was with them.

CHAPTER III

CHARLIE'S LIFE AMONG THE KAWS

WHAT Charlie actually did as a small boy, the chums he had, the adventures they went through, and no doubt the mischief that he got into must be left largely to conjecture. Senator Curtis himself does not now remember many of the particulars, but in writing of this period of his life he says that he liked it there so much that he stayed with the Kaw Indians until the Cheyenne raid of 1869.

This Cheyenne raid provided one of the greatest adventures of Charlie Curtis's life, and there will be little wonder when we come to the account of it that Charlie was only too willing to move on to safer quarters after it was all over.

But he had good reason to be pleased with the life in the Indian village when he first

went there. There was a romance and a freedom about it that could not have belonged to a life in a white man's town which always has many inconveniences and discomforts for the small boy. It must not be thought, however, that Charlie ran wild here. Such was decidedly not the case. His grandmother Pappan was a very superior woman, and despite the limitations of Indian life she did her best for the boy. She kept him neat and clean, taught him obedience, respect for his elders, and regular habits, sent him to school and kept a sharp eye on him to see that he did not play hookey. The school he attended was maintained by the Quakers at Council Grove.

Here he learned to read and write and to know that there were other places beside the prairies, although to his youthful eyes they seemed to have no end. It is a bit strange that in 1928, more than sixty years later, the Quaker and Indian should again come together, this time in a great national election in which the Quaker is running for chief and

"P & A Photo"

PAHUSKA, OR WHITE HAIR

Head Chief of the Osages and Great-Great-Grandfather of Senator Curtis

"P & A Photo"

SENATOR CURTIS' KAW COUSIN

Mrs. Julie Munroe, of Kaw, Oklahoma, With Her Sister and Daughter Standing Before Her Tepee

the Indian for vice-chief of the largest Republic in the world.

Charlie's pony Kate must have added a great deal of pleasure to his life among the Indians, for the other Indian boys, no doubt, had ponies and the boundless prairies which stretched out on every hand offered room for many a thrilling adventure. And then there was always the possibility of a race, for Kate was fleet of foot and Charlie was not afraid to let her go.

The Indian boys rode as soon as they could stick on a horse but were at their best as riders from twelve to sixteen while they were light, supple and daring. Prudence was apt to intervene after that period. Wearing nothing but a breech clout, they were the lightest of lightweight jockeys. They rode in the frequent formal races and at all times against each other. Boys and ponies alike would come in aglow with the excitement of the contest, stimulated by the fine, fresh prairie wind.

These Indian boys with whom Charlie

raced and played were models of grace and activity. They had fine heads, erectly poised above trim shoulders, from which the body tapered down to lithe and shapely limbs. They were agile as cats and excelled in manly sports like riding, racing, ball-playing and hunting small game. They became accurate marksmen with the bow and arrow when very young. The exercise strengthened the muscles of their arms and shoulders, though these never "bulged" as they do on our own strong youths. Indian arms and legs were smoothly fashioned like those of girls and gave no outward indication of the great strength that lay within them. Even the wrestlers had smooth limbs. Wrestling, by the way, was a favorite sport, carried on more by skill than force. Good behavior was the rule and obedience to elders was required. It was deeply ingrained in them from birth that they who were to become warriors must not do disgraceful things. Young Indians did not sow "wild oats." They met the test of manhood in war and hunting

parties after being initiated into strange rites that were supposed to prove them men.

Playing ball was a universal amusement among the Indians. The game came from the East, it is believed, but was eagerly adopted by all. It was very popular and the whole village would take sides in a game. Goals would be placed about a third of a mile apart on the level prairie. These were two poles some twenty feet high. Sides would be chosen and the best players, who had to be swift runners, would take the center of the field, with the slower men massed about the goals. Heavyweights, corresponding to the tacklers in college football, would be posted at vantage points between. The ball would be tossed into the air to be caught by some nimble player in a little net at the end of a curved bat. He would then start for the goal, running, leaping and dodging but always keeping the ball. Others would strike at his bat and do their best to dislodge the sphere. In the end some one would win by tossing it over the goal.

You can be sure the game, which was not unlike lacrosse, was just as exciting as one of our professional baseball contests, even if there was no grandstand or bleachers. The home run was harder to make and a greater exploit when achieved.

Sometimes the women played against the men with lively results, but usually it was a man's sport—and that of the boys who enjoyed it fully as much as their elders. The sphere was made of deerskin stuffed with hair which made it quite elastic and very durable.

Another sport that must have occupied no small part of Charlie's time was chasing the jack-rabbit. These great clumsy-looking fellows appear at the first glance to be awkward, but they are the fastest living thing on the prairies. You are all familiar with the tame varieties of rabbits, snowy white and gentle; with the big gray Belgian hares that are raised for food in a special warren; with the pink-eyed fluffy-furred French rabbit which makes an adorable pet for children, and the ordinary

wild bunny of grayish brown. There is nothing sporty or "fast" about any of them. The little wild rabbits are easily caught and killed with a slight blow. But these Kansas jack-rabbits are of a different sort and when it comes to speed can almost keep up with a tornado. Their long hind legs remind one of the Australian kangaroo which leaps instead of walking or running. The jack-rabbit propels himself over the prairies with these long limbs set seemingly on springs. To run one down with a pony is no small exploit. They are the despair of dogs and even the swift coyote had to catch master jack-rabbit by strategy. Indeed the only four-footed competitor who had a chance was the imported greyhound whose long limbs and slender frame strung on wiry sinews enabled him to come pretty close to being a match for the jack. In England coursing hares, which are first cousins to the jack-rabbit, is a national sport, with the odds often in favor of the hare. So in Kansas it was usually safe to bet on the jack-rabbit. He

roamed the plains in large numbers and was an important item of food—when he could be caught. Of course the lazy Indians did not hunt him when deer and buffalo were plenty. These were not near when Charlie was a lad so he and other boys must fill the larder more than once by snaring jack-rabbits as well as quail and the toothsome prairie chicken. Wild turkeys usually fell to the shot guns of the elders, for their feathers were a decoration and their flesh a tasty food.

And he must have gone in search of native fruits which were abundant. Mustang grapes grew along the streams and several varieties of wild plums were plentiful and pleasant to one's taste. Berries of various sorts abounded and on the edges of swampy lands a sprawling, awkward tree gave crops of a big sweetish, custard-like fruit called the paw-paw. It had a number of big brown seeds and a sickish taste. The boys liked paw-paws and even now they are gathered and sold in Western shops. They are good for the digestion though this

was something the Indian boy seldom needed to bother about. Exercise and good habits enabled him to stand the gorging that followed a buffalo hunt.

Then he must have gone nutting in the fall; for beech, hickory and walnut trees were loaded with nuts that fell to the ground when the frost touched them. Little Charlie and his Indian friends probably had great fun gathering these, besides picking up a great store of acorns from under the oaks. These acorns were large and sweet. When dried they were pounded into a flour that was wholesome and filling which the Indians made use of in their dietary, just as in Italy the chestnut is used.

He learned to use the bow and arrow and with them brought down small game besides getting a lot of fun from shooting at a mark —learning how to shoot straight and true. This discipline of the hand and eye extended to his mind as he grew up and went into public life. And it followed in Congress and in the

Senate at Washington that they came to call Curtis a "straight shooter."

During much of the time Charlie Curtis lived with his grandmother the days were perilous. The great war between North and South had stayed immigration but when it had ended land grants to railroads and settlers began to be opened and the interrupted tide resumed its flow. The powerful tribes living on the buffalo sensed their doom in the growing number of farms, and stopped fighting each other in order to unite against the whites. Gold discoveries in Colorado had made that territory a state and many people had gathered there. The Mormons in Utah had also taken a large share of soil for themselves. They kept at peace with the Indians themselves, but were believed to encourage hostility toward the migrating Gentiles as all non-Mormons are called. To the south in the Indian Territory a large number of the Five Civilized Tribes joined the South and fought in Arkansas and on their own ground, to be at

length subdued by another Curtis, General Samuel R. The prairie Indians did about as they pleased, making the overland route dangerous and keeping the settlers always on the anxious seat.

Conditions became so bad that the Government at one time was forced to withdraw soldiers from the front to deal with the situation in 1864. When the war with the South ended in April, 1865, it became possible to do more. The tribes were curbed but from April, 1864, to the close of 1865 the campaigns of the plains cost the Government $30,000,000 and many lives. It also cost many of the tribes their liberties and hastened the building of the Pacific railway which was to put an end to their activities as free people.

The Kaws were very poor and like all Indians improvident. The plains had always fed, clothed and sheltered them in comfort. When the prairies were no longer theirs and they were confined to a limited bit of land, life did not go so well. True, for a few years

after Charlie Curtis's birth they rode away on the buffalo hunts to bring back meat and hides. The burly bison were hard to kill. Unless shot through the lungs, heart or spine they were pretty sure to escape. For this reason the Indians rode up to close quarters before discharging their arrows or bullets. Cows were the best eating. The bulls, save for tongues and the ribs of the hump, were tough. Their robes, however, were the ones most sought for their size and thick curling hair. From the end of July to September bull meat was so rank in taste as to be almost uneatable, while that of the cows was tender and delicious, fatter than that of stall-fed oxen. Their flesh was enveloped in a "fleece" of tallow, sometimes four inches thick, that was esteemed a great delicacy by both white and red hunters. It was to the Indians what seal blubber is to the Eskimo, but much more inviting. The amount of fat and lean that an Indian could eat at a sitting was startling. It seemed to digest without trouble. Red and

white men alike considered the long intestines, covered as they were with fat, an epicurean morsel. Yards of this, none too well cleaned, would be parched on a fire of "chips" and devoured at length.

A traveler once saw two French-Canadian voyagers begin each at the end of something like thirty feet of this strange morsel lying on a saddle cloth for a table, and strive to outeat each other before their jaws met. He does not relate the outcome.

There was always danger on a buffalo hunt of an encounter with other Indian tribes who would claim trespass on their grounds, so the hunters usually went equipped for war as for chase. There was much fighting among the Indians, where the "lifting" of an enemy's scalp was the highest sort of glory.

When Charlie Curtis lived at Council Grove, picked parties did the hunting without taking the village along. The meat was brought back on pack animals to be cured by the women and children. Their return well

laden was an occasion of great cheer. All the Kaw people turned out to bid them welcome while working and feasting went on together. Little Charlie toiled with the others in cutting up the meat and hanging it out to dry, and then when cured he helped to pack it away for the winter.

In earlier days the annual buffalo hunt was the grand affair. Its success meant plenty and a jolly winter; its failure famine and suffering. Thus it was that much ceremony attended the preparations which began long in advance of the appointed time for getting out over the prairies in search of the herds. Arrangements were made to meet at some convenient place, where the tepees would be set up and final plans made. Sometimes the whole tribe would go to the hunting grounds, men, women and children and the old men as well. Horses and dogs would go too, though the dogs did not take part in the hunt. Often the dogs found their way into the pot, for a fat young puppy well-boiled was considered a delicacy,

the meat being sweet and gelatinous when cooked.

Scouts were first sent out to locate the herds. When located the warriors went out to do the killing. But the warriors did no dirty work. They killed and rode on. And as the bison fell the women would follow, peel off the hides and cut up the meat for immediate use or drying. They would carry the tallow, tongues, meat and hides into camp, where all hands would feast to repletion on the choice bits. The warriors would sleep off their overfullness and fatigue while the busy women took care of the meat. Forked sticks would be set in the ground across which thin sticks would be laid. Then with sharp knives the women would cut the meat into long, thin slices to be strung on the frames to dry. No salt was used. Such was the rarity of the prairie air that in twenty-four hours the meat would be dry and could be rolled up for future use. The fleece or tallow would also be flaked and dried.

Meanwhile the feasting continued—tender hump ribs, tongue and other choice parts broiling and boiling over fires that were never allowed to go out. When all were satiated and enough meat and fleece were cured for the winter, camp would break and all go home rejoicing.

This dried buffalo meat was dipped in warm water and flavored with salt before being eaten. The Indian would put as much as he could between his teeth and cut it off at the lips with a knife, somewhat endangering his nose. The dried tallow went with it as a side dish to make the leathery strip more palatable. The meat curing was made a ceremony by the hard-worked women who even had a song that went something like this:

Give me my knife
Give me my knife
I shall hang up the meat to dry
I shall hang up the meat to dry
Says Grandmother
Says Grandmother
When it is dry I shall make pemmican

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Says Grandmother
Says Grandmother!

Now making pemmican was an important task. The dried strips of meat were toasted over a fire until brittle and then pounded into a hash with a stone. This was done in a hole in the ground lined with the thick skin from a bull buffalo's neck, which took the place of the more civilized bowl in which our grandmothers hashed mince-meat.

Skin bags were waiting. Into this the powdered meat mixed with berries or mesquit pods was poured to be intermingled with fat secured by splitting and boiling the marrow-bones of the buffalo. The bags were then tightly sewn up and "cached," that is, put in a safe, dry place—usually underground—to await use.

Pemmican is widely known and is an Indian contribution to the food of the world. It is very palatable, keeps indefinitely and has none of the scurvy-producing faults of salted

meats. Modern Arctic explorers have found it the most economical and sustaining meat product that can be prepared.

In addition to food the buffalo afforded clothing and shelter for the Kaws and their fellow red men of the plains. The hides were shaven of hair and carefully tanned by the women, using ashes and the brains of the animal for the purpose. They were chewed and manipulated into a velvet-like softness, then stitched together with sinews for garments or lodges. The Kaw lodge was patterned after the skin wigwam of the Comanches, who seem to have invented this warm and handy shelter. It took the form of a pointed tent, poised on poles in such a way that the top was open to permit the escape of smoke, yet so sheltered as to keep out wind, rain and snow. The entrance was protected in a like way.

Within, the ground was covered thickly with heavy buffalo robes which provided a soft, warm and dry floor and sleeping place.

Abundant robes with their heavy hair made soft couches. Camp could be readily struck, the poles turned into a sort of carriage to be laden and dragged on either side of a pony while the village migrated. The people moved about a great deal for one reason or another.

When the neighborhood of a village became unclean it was easier to move than to clean up, so the families would fold up their tents and shift to new soil, where water was good and game plenty. In spring, fall and summer this was a delightful life. Winter was not so pleasant when the great winds blew and brought the snow clouds with them. Then the lodges would be half buried in drifts and life narrowed down. Still the wigwams were warm and dried buffalo meat plenty.

To the buffalo the plains folk had also to look for fuel. Buffalo "chips," their droppings were called, and when dried gave out a slow, intense heat, along with an acrid odor. White settlers learned to use them before coal

was discovered for there was little timber to be found on the plains.

Each year while Charlie lived with the Kaws the hunters had to ride further and further for their meat, and each year the packs grew lighter on their return. By and by they came back empty-handed. The precious bison were gone to return no more and the Kaws were left poor indeed.

It was not so much that the bison had migrated, although a few of them did escape to the mountains on the west. It was that they were killed off, slaughtered, exterminated—not by the Indians, but by the whites. Big Game hunters from the world over came to western Kansas to butcher the bison. Armed with repeating rifles they rode against the thundering, defenseless herds, shooting right and left in a delirious spirit of destruction. Fine animals were slain for their tongues and a few slices from the tender hump. To the Big Game hunters were added those who killed the harmless ruminants for their hides.

These were stripped off and sent East by the carload to become buffalo robes under which people snuggled while taking sleigh rides. They sold as low as one dollar apiece. Elaborately lined and trimmed they were handsome and comfortable. In the 'seventies every one owning a sleigh possessed a buffalo robe or two.

One of the chief destroyers of the bison was William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," as he became known when in later years he repented of his prowess, organized a "Wild West" show of great merit, which toured America and Europe for years, and made all the amends he could for harm done the buffalo and the Indians. He had been hired to provide fresh meat for the railroad laborers and did it from the thundering herds. He also escorted Big Game hunters to the breeding grounds. It is asserted on good authority that while in the employ of the Kansas Pacific in 1867 and 1868 he killed in less than eighteen months nearly five thousand buffalo. He rode a horse called

"Brigham," as good a hunter as himself, and armed with a repeating rifle slaughtered right and left among the crowded herds. His rifle he quite appropriately called "Lucretia Borgia" after the Italian murderess. Brigham's eyes when not at work were covered with a "blind bridle." When the game appeared Cody would pull this off as a signal for Brigham to get up speed, and with a few jumps Brigham would be alongside the nearest buffalo. "Raising old Lucretia Borgia to my shoulder," Cody recounts, "I fired and killed the animal at the first shot. My horse then carried me alongside the next one, not ten feet away, and I dropped him at the next fire. As soon as one buffalo would fall Brigham would take me so close to the next that I could almost touch it with my gun." This, it should be stated, while he rode without saddle or bridle. On one occasion he killed eleven buffalo with twelve shots.

The bull bison did not always submit tamely. Once a detachment of soldiers fired

a twelve-pound shot into a herd. It stunned a big bull and while he stood bewildered a bulldog belonging to one of the officers took hold of his under lip. At this the bull charged the dragoons and tossed one of the horses "like a feather," as the story goes. His rider was caught on one of the bull's horns and carried some distance before the cloth of his uniform gave way and he fell to the ground unhurt. The horse was badly wounded. The bull escaped amid a shower of bullets badly aimed in the excitement.

A bull once charged over the fire of a hunter's camp but a bullet from Kit Carson's rifle stopped his career. The herd was always led by a vigorous bull who had to fight both to attain and maintain his position. When dislodged by a rival he would go off alone, ugly and dangerous, finally to fall prey to the wolves when too old and weak longer to defend himself.

The herds always had sentinels on guard when feeding and were easily stampeded by

an alarm. To get in the way of one of these mad rushes was to be in great peril. Good shooting would sometimes split the onrushing animals and make for safety. Often men and horses were killed when caught in the vortex of the stampede. The leader was always in the forefront of the stampede. Cows and calves were in the center and the bulls guarded the flanks of the herd.

Usually they traveled in single file, making numerous trails from the herding grounds to water or to "wallows." These were soft spots in the prairie where water was near the surface and apt to be salty. The buffalo would roll about and lick the wet earth in great enjoyment until they gouged great holes in the soil. These would fill up with rainfall and saved many lives of people passing over the desert who would be guided to wallows by the bison's trails.

Ten thousand buffalo on stampede once charged a detachment of the Fifth U. S. Infantry, commanded by George A. Sykes, who

had led a division of regulars at Gettysburg. In all about 800 men and officers were imperiled. They were near Fort Larned on the Santa Fe Trail when the incident occurred. A cloud of dust and a thunder of hoofs gave warning, while behind the great drove were bands of Indians, Cheyenne, Kiowa and Comanche, frantically urging them on in the direction of the soldiers, with the intention of destroying them and capturing their train. Just before reaching the train, however, the beasts divided into two divisions and thundered by not two hundred feet from the troopers and their wagons and did no harm, while the discomfited Indians vanished in the sand hills.

The railroads cut the routes by which the bison migrated from Texas to Canada. They stood a decade of intense butchery but were finally exterminated by the coming of the iron rails. With the passing of the bison the white man lost his sport, but the red man lost his main source of food.

As a boy among the Kaws Charlie Curtis did not even know the taste of candy or ice cream. Perhaps the greatest delicacy he ever tasted was bear's fat combined with maple sugar. This dish was always set out for company if on hand. The bear's fat was also used an an ointment for the body, keeping the skin smooth and the muscles supple. And it was valued as a dressing for the hair, which it kept glossy and was supposed to cure dandruff.

The Indian, like his neighbor the bear, has a sweet tooth. Long before the white man came he had learned to boil the sap of the maple tree in the spring until it thickened into a syrup or sugar. The New England Indians probably first made this discovery and passed it along. Their teacher was most likely a lively member of the woodpecker family called the sapsucker who bored holes in the bark while looking for bugs and later found them full of sweet sap. To the Iroquois maple sugar was of great service on their long marches. They had no horses and sometimes

went hundreds of miles—clear to North Carolina—on foot. For rations they would pack parched corn and maple sugar together, stowing the mixture in a deerskin bag. A handful a day would suffice to keep the runners free from hunger and journeys were thus made without stopping, save for brief naps on the way.

Then there was honey, which neighbor bear knew all about. Bees were everywhere. They lodged in hollow trees where they gathered huge stores of comb and honey—the most delicious and healthful sweet known to man. The Indians became expert bee hunters. By catching two bees, sticking a bunch of thistledown to their bodies and releasing them at points some distance from each other, the keen-eyed hunters could follow their flight until they came together at the bee tree. Finding that bees feared smoke, the hunters would cut into the hollow and fill it with the smoke from burning torches. After the bees had left, the honey was removed. Then everybody in

the village would be gorged with honey. The Kaws were unselfish. What one had he freely shared with others so far as it would go. When there was plenty all benefited. When there was nothing they tightened their belts and suffered starvation together. Nobody hoarded when another was in need.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRAIRIE

LIKE all people who have ever seen the great plains of Iowa, Kansas and Nebraska stretching beyond like the boundless sea, Charlie Curtis loved the prairies. He felt about these green rolling plains as Hamlin Garland must have felt when he wrote:

I love the prairies; they are mine
From sunrise to horizon line.
The mountains and the cold gray sea
Are not for me—are naught to me.

In the springtime a carpet of limitless green spread out as far as eye could see, bright with flowers, across which blew the scented breezes brisk and fresh. On the Kansas prairies the sunflowers grew wild and made a bright golden carpet. As summer came on the grasses grew high and thick on the rich soil,

giving fodder to the large roving herds of buffalo. Under the autumn winds the dry balls of tumble-weed, a strange thistle-like plant, blew across the plains, scattering their seeds as they rolled along.

The plains in every season were covered with all manner of living creatures, furred and feathered, flying and crawling. Great flocks of wild turkeys were neighbors with prairie chickens and the "bob-white" quail. They fed together on the swarms of grasshoppers and crickets found in the prairie grass. Benjamin Franklin believed the turkey gobbler should have been selected as the National Bird, since it was both native to the soil and handsome, while the eagle was a citizen of the world, and a coward to boot. The Indians found all these birds delicious eating, but they had to hunt their feathered game from day to day, as the flesh could not be cured for keeping.

The Indians preyed on the turkey gobblers and the four-footed game of the prairie with

bows and arrows, which they long preferred even after they could get rifles, partly because they thought the arrow a more effective weapon at close range and partly because of its silent action. The bow that Charlie Curtis used was, like all the Indian bows of their neighborhood, made of the tough wood of the Osage orange, or *bois d'arc,* as the French called it; a small tree growing wild in Kansas. The wood was very tough and elastic, and had only to be strung with a stout sinew and pulled with a strong arm. The Kaw bow was small, not half the length of the old English long-bow with its cloth-yard arrows, with which Robin Hood and his merry men stormed the castle of Torquilstone in "Ivanhoe."

The *bois d'arc* was wrapped round and round with sinews to strengthen the bow and add to its endurance. The arrows were about twenty inches long, feathered to give them direction on the wind, and pointed with sharp triangles of stone or iron. Propelled by the powerful bow, these arrows were often shot

clear through the bulky bodies of the buffalo. In war they were frightfully efficient. The Indian protected himself, besides using the body of his horse, with a round shield of thick dried buffalo hide impervious to lance or arrow. It was made of two thicknesses with an inch of buffalo hair filled between. Short war-clubs were also carried, formed of a stone set in a twisted withe of *bois d'arc*. Its handle, wrapped with rawhide, was about fourteen inches long. A blow on the skull from such a war-club in close battle would brain a man.

The little animals and the big ones fled befor the Indians with these weapons—especially the antelope which were so nimble that the swiftest pony could rarely catch them. The antelope was abundant and its meat juicy and appetizing and in spite of the great speed of the animal it was gifted with a sense of curiosity of which it often became the victim. The Indian method of hunting them was to conceal oneself behind the bushes down the wind from them, and wave feathers to

arouse their curiosity. Little by little the herd would come nearer to see what the strange thing might be and suddenly they would find themselves laid low by sharp arrows.

The prairie dogs, little marmots which lived in villages of many inhabitants, must have been a familiar sight to Charlie. Each prairie dog family has a home underground, with a mound of earth behind the entrance on which Mr. Dog sits and gossips with his neighbors or barks an alarm when need be. These "dogs" are harmless members of the rodent tribe, but they harbor some very undesirable tenants, the deadly, poisonous rattlesnake. This cruel serpent made itself at home in large numbers among the villages of the tiny "dogs," because their holes were ready made and the "dog" itself formed a tender tid-bit in the way of food. There was danger in these villages not only from the snakes but from the chance that horses stepping in the holes might throw their riders and might also

break a leg. Little owls also intruded on the dogs but fed on field mice and were friendly.

The prairie dog itself was a little longer than the guinea pig with which all are perhaps familiar. It was light brown or sandy in color and with a head somewhat resembling that of a terrier pup. Their homes were two or three feet high and their entrances were of about the same depth. The villages were always alive, with the sluggish snakes lying about and dogs whisking hither and thither, but always having a number of sentries posted on the houses who barked a warning if they saw danger coming. This bark, short and sharp, was very like that of the dog. When the alarm sounded all the little fellows which were out of doors would scamper for their holes, regardless of such snakes and owls as might be in the way. The owls would screech and the snakes rattle at being thus disturbed and a fine commotion was the usual result. There was good reason for fright as hawks and eagles often swooped down from the air

to snatch a toothsome morsel from between the burrows; and the coyote, always hungry, lay often in wait for a good opportunity to snap up a victim. Though it was fun to watch a prairie dog village there could not have been much fun in being a prairie dog.

In winter the dogs stayed within doors, well supplied with wild grain. Though buried deep and warm they were not always safe for the big gray wolves when starving would dig them out despite the frozen earth under which they were so snugly lodged.

Smaller than the prairie dogs were the ground squirrels, gophers which resembled the gray squirrel without quite so much tail. Where pine trees grew these gophers were very useful, storing great quantities of pinon nuts in their holes which the Indians learned to dig up without trouble and so added considerably to their food supply. To this day most of the pinon nuts sold in the stores and used by confectioners are taken by southwestern Indians from gopher holes.

The shrewd slinking coyote takes a large part in the stories of the plains Indians. Some say the coyotes bore the soil out of which the earth was built from the sun during the time of the Great Waters. It was the coyote, too, which brought beauty to earth. The Earthmaker was shaping the world. He had given it light and stood back to look at what he had done.

"It would be well if the earth were a little longer," he observed. "Let us stretch it."

"Stop," said the coyote, "I speak wisely. This world ought to be painted with something so it may look pretty." The Earthmaker listened to the coyote, and so the world is now as beautiful as it is.

This and other fables like it were told to Charlie at an age when other little boys were hearing the stories of the Three Bears, and Little Red Riding Hood. And doubtless he heard in the original Indian words the poem of Hen-Toh, the Wyandot, on the coyote:

Yo-ho, Little Medicine Brother in gray,
Yo-ho, I am list'ning to your call
As it comes from the edge of the chaparral,
And I wonder, what is that you say.

Now your voice is faint, it sounds far away.
Are you telling of the coming of friends?
Or do you say that the bison-herd wends
Hitherward, is distant but a day?

Now your notes are broken, sharp and clear,
Warning of the coming of the foe;
Of their warriors and their spears I must know,
And must reckon by your yelps if they're near.

When your tones quaver low like a child,
I know that gaunt famine cometh nigh;
And you shiver on your hummock closely by,
As you scent the grim, gray norther wild.

After the coyote came the gaunt wolves, roaming in packs led by the veterans, long of limb and tooth. The pack hunted together, cutting out lame and old buffalo from the herds and pulling them down to be devoured in a jiffy by the hungry band. Sometimes they would try taking cows and calves, but the bulls

would form a circle and beat them off with their huge horned heads. The wolves led hard lives, but they seldom attacked men unless driven to it by hunger. After a blood-chilling battle the wolves devoured not only the fallen enemy but such of their own number as had gone down in the fight. Many times in his tepee at night little Charlie Curtis must have shivered when he heard the howling of the hungry beasts outside.

Peaceful as they seemed, the prairies were at times torn by two great powers of nature—wind and fire.

Gales hurled themselves across the level land, sweeping all before them. The lodges would be swept away and all be flattened that rose above the surface of the land. In summer the wind often twisted itself into tornadoes and followed by a great black cloud rushed along, whirling about and bearing ruin in its path. In winter blizzards came tearing down from the frozen North and chilled all living things. They tell great tales of the

tornadoes—of houses picked up in one Kansas county and carried to another, and of straws being driven through an oaken plank. "Tornado cellars" still exist as places of refuge when the big blows come.

The storms on the prairies were often accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning. The Indians were filled with awe as the heavens flashed and rumbled. They thought it was all done by the great Thunder Bird which nested far away in mountains where the most agile hunter did not dare to go. The Sioux called the Thunder Bird's nest Waqkim-a-oyé, and believed it to be in Eastern Dakota near Big Stone Lake. On a hill on the Coteau des Prairies, in South Dakota, the Indians pointed out many large boulders which they said were the Thunder Bird's eggs. The Comanches discovered a bird-shaped piece of ground on the upper Red River upon which no grass would grow. This, they said, was a place where the bird had once alighted—which is not improbable—lightning having

buried itself deep in the soil. One of their hunters, so it is said, wounded a Thunder Bird with an arrow, and running to take his prey was killed by a lightning flash. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes believed that the Thunder Bird carried a cluster of arrows in his talons—as the American eagle of the Treasury Department does—and from these come the lightning. Many songs were addressed to the Thunder Bird, and when a storm broke the villagers would turn out beating drums, shouting and shooting arrows into the sky to frighten the big bird away. Thunder storms were always the occasion of great excitement, for with the Thunder Bird, the Indians believed, the Great Spirit rode upon the storm.

Fire came in fall and spring when dried grass was ignited from accident or lightning and swept by on the wind. Thousands of prairie animals and birds would perish. These prairie fires could be seen for fifty miles and their smoke darkened the sky like a tor-

nado. At night they were even more terrifying and at all times a great source of danger to Indians and travelers. The usual method of fighting them was to start a counter blaze and find safety in the area thus made bare of food for the flames.

The tribes all held fire in great respect. They thought it was one of the greatest of all the creations of the Great Spirit. Many myths concerning fire abound among the Indians. They tell how for a long time fire was kept from man, who shivered without it, while a selfish giant held it in his own possession until a hero snatched it from the monster and gave it to the people. All tribes knew how to produce it by striking flints together and thus creating sparks or by twirling a pencil of hard wood against a softer piece until the friction produced flame in the dust thus accumulated. To make fire in this way was troublesome, and so as far as possible the lodge fire was always kept smoldering.

The Indians lived on the prairies, knowing

the ways of nature, fearing what they could not control, pursuing animals for food. In the beginning they had no horses, although there are fossils which show that a kind of horse once existed on the prairies. Indeed, the plains have preserved beneath their soil the bones of monsters of the past, the dinosaur, the ichthyosaurus and the pterodactyl. But it was the Spaniards who introduced horses in the year 1519 when Cortez and his conquistadores came to conquer Montezuma and his Aztec kingdom. The mail-clad soldiers rode down the semi-naked natives ruthlessly. But occasionally an arrow would pierce the coat of mail and the riderless horse would escape. These found their way to the prairies where they formed into herds, each led by a swift and powerful stallion. In due season the Indians learned to capture and tame these horses for mounts, and from that time the condition of the red man began to improve. He was more of a match for the bison and the deer. Distances no longer hampered him, and no

doubt the squaws were glad to share their heavy burdens with their four-footed friends.

Charlie's pony, Kate, was one of these hardy grass-fed ponies of the plains. The Indian ponies were never given grain, which is supposed to supply stamina to the steeds of the stable. And they had no shelter but bunched together when the northers blew and blizzards swept the prairie. In cold weather their hair grew thick and coarse and furnished a natural blanket. Most of them received no sort of attention from their owners.

The Indian pony was in a class by himself, but some of the droves of wild horses were not at all inferior to well-bred tame stock. The ponies, however, could stand any amount of hard riding and rough usage, with little forage or water. They were piebald in color with muscles that stood out on their thin flanks. With no superfluous flesh, their forms were angular, but their limbs were shapely and they were light of foot.

Favorite horses among the plains people

were decked with trappings, and a warrior in full regalia was a splendid sight. If he did not have rings on his fingers or bells on his toes he was well laden with bangles that jingled and jangled as he rode. The Pawnees, Cheyennes and Comanches were said to have been the best irregular cavalry in the world. What a battle there would have been if a regiment of them could have faced a picked detachment of Russian Cossacks with perhaps a few Arabians thrown in.

Living on a diet of meat and water, berries and edible roots, the plains Indians were lithe and strong. Unlike the natives of Africa and Oceanica they had not discovered alcohol and were free from drunkenness until the white man and whisky came. The whites also brought diseases that were previously unknown among them—the fatal, filthy smallpox, measles, and pulmonary ailments from which nature and a life in the open had spared them. Many deaths followed, together with a lowering of morals that had hitherto been

high. The Kaws suffered more severely than the Cheyennes, Pawnees or Comanches, being in closer contact with civilization and less active in their lives.

So stimulating did men find the prairie life that many shrank from neighbors when they came, "preferring," as Marcy, one of the army explorers, states, "a life of dangerous adventure and solitude to personal security and the comforts and enjoyments of society; and what was at first necessity to them became in time a source of excitement and pleasure." Charlie Curtis's forebears on the white side were of this sort.

CHAPTER V

CHARLIE AND THE CHEYENNES

AFTER Charlie had been at his grandmother Pappan's among the Kaws for about a year, the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Wichitaws, Comanches and Kiowas went on the warpath. As the grass was growing green in the spring they began raiding the country from the New Mexican and Texas borders to Wyoming. They made life and property unsafe in all the prairie states and were too nimble for Uncle Sam's soldiers. It was finally decided to buy them off and a great council was called at Medicine Lodge in October. All came in but the Cheyennes, who held back but were presumed to acquiesce. Large presents were made and the Indians rode away heavy laden with things dear to their souls. Indeed so liberal was the Great Father that piles of

clothing and blankets were left on the Council Ground and much good food was wasted. It was more of a frolic than an orderly settlement of the troubles that had vexed the prairie country.

The Cheyennes were a valorous and warlike people who had lived off the buffalo and followed them over the plains. Their chief habitat was in Nebraska but having plenty of horses and buffalo skin teepees, they wandered at will. Becoming hostile to the advancing whites they were difficult to deal with and furnished Uncle Sam and his soldiers with a very hard problem. To meet this the Government built military posts in their territory and sought to curtail their roamings.

Noting this, when spring came in 1868, the warriors mounted their ponies and took to the field again, treating themselves to what was to be their last grand adventure. Raiding parties spread across the plains, robbing and killing. They ran off stock, shot into railway trains, and made a deal of mischief. Despite

the soldiers they kept afield, frightening western Kansas and Nebraska and doing many horrible deeds. Ski-o-mah, or Little Robe, Tall Bull, White Horse, chiefs, and Roman Nose, a famous fighter, were in the lead in this raiding.

Mounted on their hardy horses the Cheyennes were extremely mobile. They found plentiful prey in the wagon trains of both the freighters and the immigrants. Small convoys were frequently cut off, the wagon plundered and their occupants cruelly killed. For safety regular caravans were formed after crossing the Missouri, guarded by well-armed men and guided by expert scouts. When night came the wagons were parked in a circle, hub to hub, to form a barricade impassable to horsemen. Within the circle tents were pitched and the live stock gathered at nightfall, while vigilant sentries were posted and camp-fires kept burning. Even these precautions did not always avail and strong bodies of Cheyennes sometimes captured these wagon

trains. They would burn the wagons, kill the men and carry off the women and children when so inclined and not too closely pursued. But if they did not carry them off they would usually slaughter them. Some terrible tales are on the prairies' records, tales of bloodshed and cruelty and horror, tales to make the blood run cold.

If any choice were given them the red raiders preferred to pounce upon a moving wagon train. Outriders of the train would give the alarm and as soon as possible the wagons would be drawn in a circle for defense. If this was not done quickly disaster followed. In fighting it was the custom of the warriors to circle about their prey, shooting fast with bow and arrow when these were the weapons, and firing rifles when they became the vogue. By shooting under the horse's neck they escaped danger unless the animal fell, which was not often. A fast running pony was harder to hit than a motionless wagon. And as the defense weakened, the circle would

grow closer and closer until it gripped the train.

Troops of regular cavalry and special companies of scouts were sent after these Cheyenne raiders and some sharp encounters occurred. Colonel George A. Forsyth, with a command of picked scouts numbering fifty-one men, had set out from Fort Hays, Nebraska, on August 29, 1868, to hunt down the raiders. Indian "signs" were found indicating a large band. The trail was followed until on September 16th the command arrived at Beecher Island on the Republican River where they pitched camp. Early the next morning a large number of Indians, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux, came upon them and the men retreated to a low island in midstream from which vantage they battled with the warriors. They were besieged here for a week. Lieutenant Frederick Beecher, nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, the famous pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, was killed. Dr. J. H. Mooers, the regimental sur-

geon, also fell. In all, twenty lost their lives or were wounded before relief was brought by two of the scouts, Stillwell and Trudeau, who had made their way to Fort Wallace.

There were about 600 warriors engaged, of whom but nine lost their lives. Numerically the loss was light, but among the slain was one of the most famous of the Cheyenne warriors, the great Roman Nose. He was not a chief but the Cheyennes felt his loss severely. Six of the dead were Cheyennes.

It was conceded to have been a stiff fight on both sides. The whites had run out of food and had fallen back on horse meat. And they were neatly trapped. But for the rescuers from Fort Wallace they would have no doubt been wiped out. Surely the Indians had the best of it and after the reënforcements had arrived they rode off much pleased with themselves.

Then the famous General Phil Sheridan took the field and gave the raiders battle on the Washita. The Indians were led by the

Cheyenne Chief Black Kettle. With Sheridan was General George A. Custer. Both were noted cavalry leaders in the Civil War. Major Elliott, who headed a detachment sent to dislodge some Indian snipers, was cut off and killed with all his men. The Indians showed great skill and courage, but Black Kettle, White Antelope and Yellow Wolf, important chiefs, were killed.

The Indians then retreated to the Red River country and were seen no more until the following June when a band under Little Robe appeared not far from Council Grove.

Little Charlie Curtis and the other children coming home from the Quaker school were surprised and thrilled to meet many of the Kaw men in war-paint crossing the creek. They said they were going out to face the Cheyennes who were coming to attack the people.

"We boys," relates Senator Curtis, "were asked to warn the families and we did." The

women and children gathered in a big barn from which they could see the Cheyennes circling about on their horses at a distance. Shots were fired at them from the barn windows. They fired back, but hurt no one, being too far away. The Kaw men had prepared an ambush for them, but the Cheyennes were wary and, finding the village prepared, they vanished.

It was not certain that they really had gone, so the people remained together in the barn and the older folks thought it would be wise to send some one to Topeka for help. The Kaws were few and weak while the Cheyennes were many and powerful; and besides being dangerous to the Kaws they were equally dangerous to their friendly white neighbors. The question was who could best be spared to go. Few knew the way to Topeka, or what to do after getting there, while Charlie Curtis was perfectly familiar with the road and had a father and Grandmother Curtis living there. "I offered to go," he said, "and slipped out

alone at dusk to travel on foot with the stars for a guide."

But Topeka was fifty-seven miles away, and Charlie was only nine years old. There was no telling which way the Cheyennes had gone. He might run right into them. But little Indian boys are not taught a great deal about getting scared, and no doubt Charlie welcomed the chance to be something of a hero. He stuffed his pockets with buffalo meat and slipped softly out of the barn just as the night was coming on. Soon his little moccasined feet were moving rapidly along the Santa Fe trail.

How the sounds of the night must have startled him: the distant howl of a coyote, which is not unlike an Indian war-whoop, the hooting of an owl, the bark of a fox or the scurrying of a gopher through the brush. No doubt the wind rustled among the leaves as if some one were hiding there waiting for him. But the moccasined feet did not falter. They must have kept moving pretty steadily, for the

next afternoon Charlie came walking into Topeka. He was footsore and tired and, most of all, he was hungry; but he had carried the message through to his father—just as always in his after life he has carried through with whatever he has undertaken.

A relief party was being organized but had not yet set out when some of the Kaw men came riding in with the news that the Cheyennes had really gone on and that all danger was past.

This plucky feat aroused the family pride and perhaps some higher sense of responsibility. Grandmother Curtis decided that she would keep the boy with her and give him a chance such as he could not have with Grandmother Pappan, though the latter loved him dearly. It must not be thought that this decision to keep and tame him was received by Charlie with any very loud applause. On the contrary he heartily objected and wanted to go back to the Kaws where life was pretty pleasant for a small boy. Though Topeka was not

then the fine city it has since become it was quite a big town and cramped one who had been used to looking the sun in the eye. However, he was wise enough not to try running away, and when Kate, his pony, had been brought along to keep him company, the town was not so bad after all. Thus he began a new kind of life, less free than that at Council Grove, but with a much more promising future.

Charlie was an attractive boy with a bright, intelligent face and appealing eyes. He was well liked, and made friends easily, but there was rough going ahead on the road to success for times were hard, the country undeveloped, and the people of Kansas were exceedingly poor.

CHAPTER VI

THE BOY WHO RODE FAST

CHARLIE CURTIS never had an Indian name. He was always "Charlie" and still is with the Kaw people. But if such a name had been devised it could well have been "The Boy Who Rode Fast."

He was thoroughly at home on a horse—tearing around over the open prairies on Kate had made an expert rider of him, and this, added to the lightness of his weight and a certain levelheadedness that he seems always to have had even at the age of nine, made an ideal jockey of him.

His father, now that the war was over, had come to live with Charlie's Grandfather Curtis at Topeka. Grandfather had several fast horses and it was natural that Charlie should sooner or later find himself on the back of one

of them. No doubt he teased for the privilege for a long time before his father would consent, and even then the thought of having him ride in a real horse-race must have brought dismay to Grandmother Curtis. But Charlie was fearless on the back of a horse and he won his first race handily.

After that he was "up" frequently, for Grandfather had a private track at Eugene, and the story goes that he never rode a loser. This may be saying a little too much, but before the year was out he was riding regularly at the county fairs. At ten he had a state-wide reputation as a jockey and was known as "The Indian Boy."

One of the jockeys who rode against Charlie was Benito Martinez, a Choctaw Indian, still living in Des Moines, Iowa. Charlie, riding a smart mare, "Brown Bess," beat him to the wire in Lawrence, Kansas. Some of the bets were paid in cattle and one of Brown Bess's backers drove seven hundred head away as the result of Charlie's skill. "He was a good

rider," recalls Benito. "He could bring a horse down the track giving him everything he had in him. As I recall it he was rather short and wiry at the time we were riding, and to us he was just another brush boy jockey as we all were. The Big Eastern riders called us brush boys because we rode in what they called the sticks."

A favorite form of racing was the quarter-mile dash. In this pony and rider were both keyed up to the highest pitch. The start was a matter of the utmost importance and every second counted. It was lots of fun for all concerned—riders, ponies and spectators. Over almost as soon as begun, the dash was one burst of speed and excitement. Endurance was not involved but skill was. This Charlie had, together with a lightness of weight that favored his lively mount.

The story of his race-track adventures would make a book in itself if Senator Curtis cared to write it. Being a serious boy he took his riding seriously. It was for the time being

his ambition. He was not thinking about becoming a distinguished senator, much less about going higher. He kept no note of the stirring things he saw and the spirited contests in which he took part on the turf. One day, though, he recalls above all others. This was Thursday, September 3, 1872. He was riding a fast stepper called Headlight at the fair in Kansas City. It was estimated that 30,000 people were on the grounds, many drawn there to see Ethan Allen, a celebrated trotting horse of the period, go through his paces. Everybody was having a good time when along about four o'clock in the afternoon a volley of revolver shots scattered the crowd and a cry passed the word along that the fair grounds were being raided by bandits. Little Charlie, having been brought up in a region where horse-stealing was popular, thought they had come to take his mount, so he quickly led the courser away into an obscure corner and kept him out of sight until the excitement was over.

There was good reason for the stir but no occasion to worry about Headlight. It appeared that just before four o'clock the treasurer in his office at the gate had counted up the day's receipts, about $6,000, and put them in a tin box which he sealed and gave to a messenger to take to the bank. Just as he was starting off three stalwart young men rode up armed with revolvers and straightway began to shoot in the air. One of them jumped from his horse and snatched the box from the messenger. Then he remounted and all three rode away with a final salvo as a good-by.

The crowd was so dazed that no one rose to the occasion or led a pursuit. The bandits therefore made a clear get-away with their spoil and were never apprehended, though it was at once known that two of them were Jesse and Frank James, the famous outlaw brothers of Missouri. The third was one of the equally notorious Younger brothers—which one was never satisfactorily established.

There was an amusing aftermath to this ex-

ploit on the part of the James brothers. The authorities could find no one daring enough to hunt them down, and Major John N. Edwards, editor of the Kansas City *Times,* in an editorial on the episode went so far as to commend the courageous audacity with which the robbery had been committed. Not long afterward the office boy came into his room one night to say that two men on horseback wanted to see him downstairs. He declined to go down, but receiving a message that they could not leave their horses, he took his nerve with him and descended to the street. There under the flickering light he saw that his callers were the James Brothers. Whether they came for good or ill was beyond his guess.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said.

"Be you the editor?" asked the taller of the pair who was Jesse. Edwards acknowledged the fact.

"Well," said Jesse slowly, "we allow we're a pretty tough lot, but in all our days no one ever said a good word for us, so Frank and I

thought you orter hev some kind of a testimonial. So we brought you this watch"—pulling out at the word a huge gold repeater with a massive chain. "You needn't be afraid to take it," he went on; "it wa'n't stole. It was bought with honest money in St. Louis."

Edwards hastily explained that he could not accept a gift at their hands and managed to decline without offense, at which Jesse, dropping the time-piece into the outer pocket of his hunting coat, observed plaintively:

"Well, Major, ef you won't take the watch, ain't there some man around here you want killed?"

Gratitude could go no further, but this proffer was also declined with thanks. The bandit was determined, however, to make some adequate return. When his first son was born he named the infant "Jesse Edwards" James. The editor became a warm friend of the James boys, and after Jesse was killed at St. Joseph by Bob Ford, to earn a reward offered by Governor Lon V. Stephens of Mis-

souri, and Frank was sent to prison, Edwards succeeded in securing the pardon of Frank, who thereafter led an honest life.

The horse Headlight, about which we were speaking, developed eccentricities that led to having his name changed to "Crazy." He formed the habit of bolting. And in one race, after a splendid start in which he led the field and was winning hands down, Headlight tried to bolt, but Charlie's firm hand stopped that. Headlight reared, however, and smashed a fence, taking Charlie along. In the crash Charlie was badly cut and rendered unconscious.

"I went with him," said the Senator in describing the incident, "and was considerably cut up. I carry the scars to this day."

Beside Headlight he rode a famous racer called Tilden—Samuel Jones Tilden, then Governor of New York, was attracting much attention and thereby acquiring namesakes. Tilden was a smart runner and under Charlie's guidance gained numerous victories.

Other horses ridden were "Sleepy Joe," "Sorrell Dan" and "Lop-Eared Dan." Employed by Williams and Darrell, a noted racing firm, he rode in Arkansas and Texas as well as in the larger Kansas towns, such as Wichitaw, Atchison and Leavenworth, also getting as far west as Denver.

The horse-racing seasons were short and the returns uncertain. Grandmother Curtis had a hard time getting on. Grandfather William Curtis died and left few resources. In 1873 a great panic, caused by the overbuilding of railways and too much high financing, shook the country and brought a long period of hard times. Kansas had been settled faster than its needs and to add to the distress caused by the financial disturbance along came a plague of grasshoppers that laid the land desolate.

To boys the grasshopper was an amusing insect of amazing agility which if duplicated in man according to his size would enable him to leap a mile at a jump. Indeed the hopper is the best constructed jumping machine in

existence. Little country lads have an idea he chews tobacco and in proof when gently squeezed between the fingers a brown juice exudes from his mouth.

Grasshoppers are of various sorts and sizes, but the Kansas fellows were the most voracious ever known. They had lived contentedly for years on the coarse prairie grasses and millions of their eggs were stored in the earth awaiting hatching all over the uncultivated parts of the plains.

When the farmers substituted the tender blades of wheat and corn for the wire-edged prairie grass the hoppers discovered that man for all his burning and plowing had brought them a new delicacy. Apparently the word was passed along the length and breadth of the unfarmed desert, for the hoppers came by the million.

There was no effective way of fighting them except to plow ditches into which they fell, as they hopped toward the crops, saturate those thus trapped with kerosene and set them on

fire. In this way countless numbers were destroyed and in the end the pests wiped out, though it took years to do it. In this year, 1874, the crops were completely destroyed. Besides the grasshopper there had come out of the neighboring state of Colorado a curious little yellow beetle striped with black which developed a passionate fondness for the potato plant and made it difficult to raise that important article of food. Kansas was in distress, the farmers deeply in debt, with no money procurable and nothing to sell in order to get it. Under these circumstances Grandmother Curtis thought it best to send Charlie, now fourteen years old, back to the cabin of Grandmother Pappan. The latter came with a few Kaw friends to North Topeka to take her grandson to Kaw, Oklahoma, whither the Kaws had moved. But Charlie had been about much in the world with the race horses in the six years since he had left Council Grove and the return did not seem inviting to him. Still, he was an obedient boy and knew

Grandmother Curtis's circumstances, and he went without a whimper.

They started for Kaw late in the afternoon. When six or eight miles out in the country the party camped for the night. One of the women was taken ill and they stayed in camp for two days before she was able to travel. This gave Grandmother Pappan a chance to study her interesting grandson. She did it with purpose. After supper on the night before they were to resume their march Julie Pappan looked long at the boy as they sat beside the camp fire. She saw in his fine forehead and bright face something that would perish in life among the Indians, but which fostered by education might make him a fine man among the whites. She was not unwilling to feed and lodge him. That was a duty from which no Indian woman would ever shrink. But to educate him, give him the advantages of civilization was beyond her power.

Putting her thoughts into words she told

the boy that the Kaw village was no place for him. She was sure he had the making of a good man in him and the chance would be spoiled if he idled about as his red relations did. She told him how the Kaws had deteriorated in character and energy and what his fate would be if his young life was to be spent among them. So she urged him to turn back to North Topeka and make his own way. This she was sure he could do. There were many ways of getting on among the white people; none with the Kaws.

They talked late under the stars and before falling to sleep for the last time on the prairie Charles Curtis had agreed to return to Topeka in the morning and take what fate might have in store. When daylight came and they had breakfasted he bade her good-by, and, mounting Kate, went back to Grandmother Curtis. She had not rejoiced at his going and took heart at his return when he told her of Grandmother Pappan's advice and his resolve to follow it.

CHAPTER VII

MAKING HIS WAY

CHARLIE got into school in 1869 at North Topeka. The teacher, J. H. Foucht, was a young man who later became a hardware dealer in the town. There were sixty children of all sorts in attendance, white, red and black, ranging from six to eighteen years of age. Charlie's oldest half-sister, Elizabeth, took him to the school house and introduced him with a shy: "Teacher, this is my brother Charlie and he's coming to school." Mr. Foucht found the small sister much more advanced than Charlie. She was "in the second reader." The teacher long after remembered the boy as very attractive, slim and straight, like all Kaw boys. His black hair was parted in the middle, Kaw fashion, and so smoothly brushed that it shone. He wore it long and

the locks curled a little over his collar. The half-sister was blond, with blue eyes and curly, light brown hair, in contrast to swarthy Charlie with his flashing black eyes.

"When I called the first reader class," Mr. Foucht once said, "Charlie came up before my desk with about twenty others. We used the old McGuffey school books; the readers up to the third, which was as far as we went. I had the boys and girls in the first class read out of the first reader, and graded them according to how easily they read.

"When it came to Charlie's turn, he couldn't read at all.

"But that didn't embarrass Charlie. He turned the pages over to the first lesson in the book where there was the picture of a big dog, and said, 'I can read that.' 'All right, go ahead,' I said. He read it right off, fast as he could talk, and then added, 'I can read some more,' and turned to the last lesson, showing a girl milking a cow, and he read this correctly. But he couldn't read the same words anywhere

else in the reader, showing that he had memorized these two lessons by ear.

"I put him in the lowest class," Mr. Foucht added, "and he walked right away with it. He certainly was a clever boy. He learned fast and remembered what he learned. By the time school closed three months later, he had a good foundation of addition and subtraction, could read easily and had a knowledge of geography. Yes, indeed, he was a clever boy.

"Charlie liked to play, too," recalled his former teacher. "He liked to play ball and always wanted me to throw it hard and fast so he would have to run for it. And how he could run! Like an Indian, I guess. Sometimes the ball would get lost in the brush outside the school yard, but Charlie nearly always found it.

"The brush of hazel, elderberry and wild grape was so thick and tall around the school house that grown people seldom tried to get through, but the children didn't have so much

trouble. Charlie could always get through; just seemed to know instinctively the best way. That was Indian again, I suppose.

"I remember when the Rol Nichols house was being built across the road north from where the old Quincy school was built in 1871.

"I had been hearing hammering but couldn't see anything for the brush. I asked Charlie about it and he said a house was being built. I wanted to go and see it as this was the only house north of the railroad tracks at that time.

"I was afraid I couldn't find my way through the brush alone and asked Charlie if he could find the way. He said, 'Of course I can,' and started off, scurrying through the underbrush like a rabbit. I followed, and got through too, but not so easily.

"I didn't see much of Charlie as a little boy after the school had closed, as I didn't teach there the next year," concluded Mr. Foucht, "but I saw enough of him and the way he took

to his books to realize that he was a clever boy and had the makings of a fine man."

Charlie had to earn his own money while he attended school and did it in all sorts of ways, riding horses in season and doing odd jobs before and after school. He ran errands, sold peanuts, pop-corn and oranges on shares with the man who owned the stand in the depot, until he had capital enough to buy a stock of his own. Also he blacked boots. When Charlie decided to add shoe-shining to his line of industry he needed a dollar to procure the necessary outfit.

He confided his need to J. L. Troutman, another boy who had a steady job driving a grocery wagon and with whom he rode around. Troutman loaned him the dollar and soon got it back. He lives to-day in Topeka and is very proud of his fifty-five-year friendship with Charlie. From boot-blacking Charlie developed a newspaper route. In racing season he rode up to the year 1875. The next year was to bring a

change in his proceedings. The following is the way Charlie tells it himself:

"In the centennial year, 1876, I was riding for a man named Charlie Search and his partners. They owned the two fastest horses in the country, Tilden and Little Casino. I rode Little Casino, winning a big race in Kansas City. They paid me $50 a month and ten per cent of what I won in purses. That was big money for a little fellow in those days. I might have kept on riding, for the program was to go to New Orleans and then to Philadelphia, where they were holding the centennial exposition, but Grandmother Curtis said to me: 'If you want to make a useful man of yourself, Charlie, you will have to stop this hanging around race tracks and riding horses. You will have to go to school until you know something. You have saved some money and it's time to think about your future. You are sixteen now and pretty soon you will be too big and heavy to ride.' So I considered the matter over Sunday and the

next day I went to Charlie Search to beg off on the contract. 'I rode for you last year,' I said, 'and I am under contract to ride with you this season. If you wish I will keep the agreement, but if you'll release me I'll be greatly obliged because I want to stop riding and go to high school.'"

Search was kind enough to cancel the contract and paid Charlie his percentages as they then were due. He also gave him a month's pay with his best wishes for good luck.

Charlie entered the Topeka high school in September, 1876, and immediately began to look for work to support himself. But we will let him tell about it:

"When I was trying to keep myself in school I knew a man who ran a livery stable at North Topeka. Everybody called him Old Man Phillips. I went to him one day and told him I was clerking in a grocery store Saturdays and wished I could find something to do afternoons. 'Well,' said Old Man Phillips, 'I've got an old Noah's Ark of a hack

here which you may have along with a team of horses. I'll do the hitching and unhitching and you may keep half of the receipts.' I took him up. There were no street cars then in North Topeka and there was lots of trade for a hack. I cleaned up about $2.50 a night navigating old Noah's Ark, but I didn't get to bed until after midnight most nights."

Besides navigating the ark he picked up items for the North Topeka *Times.*

Naturally Charlie did not find much time to be sociable with his fellow students in the high school. The boys called him "Injun" and the girls made fun of him. He was quick of temper and could use his fists. A few demonstrations of pugilistic power established a status with the boys that left him undisturbed and respected.

As for the girls—well, there was one who did not giggle at him or turn up her nose when he approached. That was Annie E. Baird, daughter of John M. Baird, of North Topeka. She was a bright pretty girl who

saw the sort of soul behind the Kaw's snapping eyes. They walked to and from school together and soon needed no other society to keep them from being lonely.

Beside Annie Baird Charlie found comfort in the faith of his aunt, Mrs. Belle Armstrong, to whom he sometimes took his troubles. "Never mind, Charlie," she said. "You keep right on with your books and you'll get farther than they will. You'll see."

In getting through he was fortunate in having the help of a skilled instructor, who took an interest in him. This was Miss Eunice A. Lyman, now of Massachusetts, then teaching in the high school.

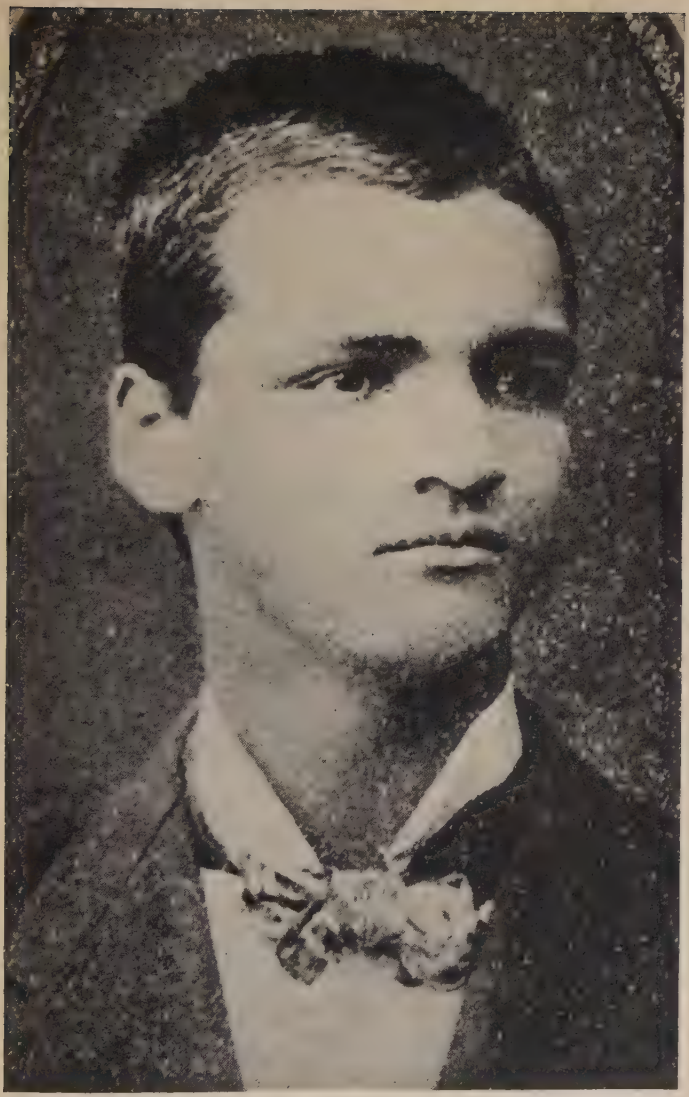
"Miss Lyman was the best teacher they had in Kansas," commented the Senator on receiving her congratulations on his nomination for the Vice-Presidency. "Indeed she was more than a teacher. She knew how to inspire and encourage us as well as teach."

Jockey or hack-driver, the boy's fine moral fiber was never disturbed. He took on no evil

ways or habits and attended the North Topeka Methodist Episcopal Church. While still a young man he taught a class in Sunday School and all his life remained a devoted follower of the doctrines of John Wesley.

Despite his handicaps, and much aided by the special attention Miss Lyman gave him, he stood well in his class, and was selected as orator on Commencement Day. He delivered his oration so well that Mrs. A. H. Case, wife of the leading attorney in Topeka, came up after the exercises and complimented him warmly.

This was in 1879, when he was nineteen years of age and he had now to select his pathway in life. He decided to tackle the law. As navigator of Noah's Ark he had become pretty well known as a pushing, practical youngster, bravely doing his best to get on, and had plenty of well wishers. Among these was Mrs. A. H. Case, and when one day he met her on the street and confided his ambition to her she told the boy to see her husband.



"P & A Photo"

SENATOR CURTIS AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN

"P & A Photo"

SENATOR CURTIS AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR

When Elected Prosecuting Attorney

This Charlie did, and the interview proceeded somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Case, I should like to study law."

"Why, Charlie, the town is full of poor lawyers."

"But is it full of good ones?"

"Come to think of it, no."

They struck a bargain. Charlie was to have the run of the law books in Case's office. In return he was to sprinkle the floor, sweep out and keep things in some sort of order. Law offices were rather slack shops in those days. On top of this he ran errands, kept the water pail full and made himself generally useful. Soon he was collecting bad bills, and representing the office in petty cases. In 1881 he was admitted to the bar and given a third interest in Mr. Case's receipts. Ambitious to use his own name he formed a partnership with David Overmyer and made a reputation by clearing a farmer charged with murder. On Thanksgiving Day, 1881, he married Annie E. Baird.

The passing of the buffalo brought cattle in great herds to take their place. A radical change resulted in Kansas life.

Tough towns sprang up on the line of ranges, Dodge City and Abilene in Kansas were in the path of the droves coming up from the Texas Panhandle. Saloons and dance halls offered a lure to the cowboys who drove and guarded the herds.

Bad men developed, dreadfully quick in temper and on the trigger. There is a cemetery beside the Santa Fe tracks in Dodge City where many of them found a resting place. Town marshals ruled with six-shooters and if straight enough shooters got into dime novels.

The old cattle days were spirited. Men fought over pasture lands. Some stole cattle and changed the brands. The life was wild, unreal, unbelievable. Before the restless herds the plains Indians were pushed into Oklahoma, then called the Indian Territory, and out of the way. And this was the state of the

country when Charlie Curtis began the practice of law!

In 1881 Kansas passed a law wiping out the saloon and calling for state-wide prohibition. The shooting, drinking cowboys had become a curse and the older and better half of the state determined to stamp out the liquor traffic. The saloon as usual defied the edict. Topeka and Shawnee County, in which it was located, had about one hundred dives, and the liquor dealers had a powerful association. It was time to elect a new Prosecuting Attorney for Shawnee County. The saloons dominated local politics and their leaders conceived the bright idea of selecting Charles Curtis. He had now been practicing for three years and was considered highly competent. Of course the liquor element was not concerned about that. They wanted a friend at court. He did not seek the nomination. Neither did he decline it. But he gave the promoters of the proposition fair notice.

"Don't get me wrong," he said to some of

the boys who backed him for the nomination. "If I am elected I will enforce every law, and some of you may regret it." They laughed at this. Others had said the same thing and had then taken the easiest way. The youngster was elected.

Then the boys found that they *had* got him wrong. He hunted down the leaders of the bootleg liquor traffic, prosecuted and convicted them. The small fry came next. Inside of a month there were no speakeasies in Topeka or elsewhere in Shawnee County. Those guilty of law-breaking were punished and the community rejoiced. In all eighty-eight saloons were closed. His term was two years. He was renominated and reëlected. During the four years he held office he prosecuted 108 criminals, of whom he convicted 103.

"There were no high moral principles involved," said the Senator in reciting his experience as Prosecuting Attorney, "but I saw what liquor dealers had done and were doing to all sorts of men; how liquor broke them

down physically, took away their pride and made them hang around racing stables, to become loafers and beggars."

After retirement from the prosecutor's office Charlie formed a partnership with Henry Safford, under the firm name and style of Curtis and Safford. From the first the new firm was successful.

CHAPTER VIII

IN CONGRESS AND SENATE

EVERY young lawyer of spirit used to think he would like to be a member of Congress. This was especially true in the West, and particularly in Kansas and Nebraska, born twins in a fierce political storm. Out there politics took on the tense twist of a tornado, another Kansas-Nebraska product. Peopled by men and women of the same type and temperament in a time of stress, they have never ceased to be volcanic in their emotions and determined in their opinions. Brave people are apt to be set in their notions. The farmers of Kansas were undaunted souls who dared much to found their homes. Slavery of any sort was repugnant to them. They would not have bondmen among them nor would they be

bound themselves. Thus they have always been busy with problems in morals and politics.

The grasshopper plague was followed by others of man's making. Because money was tight the Kansas folks blamed the Government which had stopped printing greenbacks for currency and resumed specie payments, making the paper worth what it had not been, one hundred cents. The people who had been paid in cheap dollars had to pay old debts in dear ones. This raised a cry of anger and distress louder than the howls of the prairie wolf. Kansas wanted the printing presses set a-going again so that money would be plenty. How the people were to get it was not explained. The presses did not start, but a Greenback party did and it made things lively in Kansas. By and by the grasshoppers—who were also green of back—were conquered and things looked better, but at the next sag in the price of wheat and corn a new party came into being called the Populists. They were out to

help the farmers, who were united in a Farmers' Alliance party.

In 1889 a vacancy occurred in the Fourth Congressional District and a special election was called. Charlie Curtis became a candidate and after a long deadlock was defeated. He was offered the nomination in 1890 but thought it an off year and declined—wisely it would appear for John G. Otis, the Farmers' Alliance candidate, swept the district. In 1892 the Populists had a national ticket in the field headed by Gen. John B. Weaver of Iowa, a leading Greenbacker. Ex-President Cleveland was running against President Harrison. The Kansas Republicans were despondent as they realized that the Weaver vote would come from the Republican party. The nomination for Congress in the Fourth District went begging and Charlie Curtis got it. Weaver polled a million votes, largely Republican, and Cleveland was elected. But Charlie Curtis, the Kaw Indian, was also elected. His success over such overwhelming odds called

attention to him and much was made of him in Washington where Western Republicans were rare.

One of the most difficult of Mr. Cleveland's problems was getting rid of the Sherman Act, a measure which called for the monthly purchase of $4,000,000 of silver from the Western mines, and which was driving gold out of the country. The silver was worth but half its coinage value and threatened to depreciate the dollar. Wise men on both sides saw the danger and combined to eliminate it by the repeal of the act. Congressman Curtis was one of these.

The Republicans had control of the lower house with Thomas B. Reed of Maine as speaker. "Czar" Reed they called him because of the arbitrary rulings he made when in the chair, without which, however, it was impossible to get very much done. Mr. Reed, who was a rare character possessed of much humor, took a fancy to the gentleman from Kansas. His Kaw ancestry had gained him

more than the usual attention bestowed upon green Congressmen. It must be said that he stood it well. The session of Congress was its fifty-third and Reed was at the summit of his mastery. One day Curtis, entering the speaker's office unannounced, saw that he was in conference with a number of old hands and started to retire with an apologetic word.

The Speaker stopped him. "Come back here, Indian," he called to the diffident Kaw. "I want you to hear this."

Curtis joined the conference. There was a long discussion of the Sherman Act in which no conclusion was reached. Wearied by the perplexities and stupidities that blocked the way, Reed brushed the others aside and said to Curtis who had listened in silence:

"Indian, what would you do about this?"

Curtis replied promptly: "I'd take the whole question out of the hands of the members of the Committees on Weights and Measures and Banking and Currency. It is apparent they can never agree. Then I would

appoint a special committee to write a new bill."

The conference adjourned without further action. Several days later the Speaker invited the Kaw into his office. "Indian," he said, "I'm going to adopt your suggestion. It's the only hope of a solution of the gold standard problem."

He was as good as his word. The special committee was appointed. It included eleven members of Congress and the Indian was one of them. It worked over the recess and when Congress reassembled in December 1894 presented the bill which was passed with little amendment and stands to this day. The country's credit was saved, though not without a struggle. Bonds had to be twice sold to replenish the gold reserve and in 1896 Free Silver became the one issue in the Presidential campaign. Populists and silverites captured the Democratic convention at Chicago in that year and naming William Jennings Bryan for President made the question formidable.

Again the prairies undulated with political and economic excitement. Free silver was accepted as a panacea for all ills from grasshoppers to the price of wheat. A tremendous campaign followed in which the gold standard came off victorious.

Curtis was reëlected from the Fourth District to serve in the Fifty-fourth and Fifty-fifth Congresses. He made a firm place for himself in the hearts of his constituents. Indeed, Charlie was *the* Congressman from Kansas because he attended to things. Moreover, though very devoted and loyal to party, he felt he was there to represent all the people in his district of whatever sort, and so acted. Democrats and Populists found him just as ready to respond to their requests as any Republican. He formed the good habit of never letting the sun set on an unanswered letter and this he has always kept up. Nothing pleases people like prompt attention. Charlie gave it to all comers. He was the most conspicuous figure on the Committee of Indian Affairs,

where he worked indefatigably to uphold the rights of his tribe and the other Indian tribes. A bill he prepared and sponsored, known as the Curtis Act, for the allotment in severalty of the lands and moneys of the Five Civilized Tribes, wound up the communal affairs of 97,000 Indians. He also kept Northwestern timber grafters from getting away with $16,000,000 worth of timber belonging to the Chippewas.

The English term for the man who marshals the forces of his party in parliament is "whip." The American term is leader, but whip is sometimes used, as the leader must whip his followers into line—not always an easy task. Congressman Curtis' zeal for his party made him the party whip after a while. He was always regular, believing that only by maintaining party solidarity could real legislative results be obtained.

Though Charlie was strong with the voters he was not so much with the politicians. They found his hold on Shawnee County so

strong that the only way they could devise to beat him was to change his district so that it would include new territory which was hostile to him. This is what is called a "gerrymander." The scheme was named after Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts who first made use of it. His opponents accordingly changed the Fourth District so that it was included in the First which contained the spirited towns of Leavenworth and Atchison, whose weight, it was thought, would overcome Curtis' grip on Shawnee County. It did not. He was sent back to the Fifty-sixth, Fifty-seventh, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth Congresses from the First. Seemingly he had become a permanent institution.

So well had Charles Curtis served his district in Congress that when Senator J. R. Burton resigned his seat in 1907 he became the choice of the Kansas Legislature both to fill out the latter's unexpired term and for the full six years to follow. A. W. Benson had been appointed *ad interim*. He took his seat

in the Upper House January 29, 1907, and came into such eminent company as William B. Allison of Iowa, Eugene Hale and William P. Frye of Maine, Thomas C. Platt and Chauncey M. Depew of New York, Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island, J. P. Dolliver of Iowa, J. B. Foraker of Ohio, and the famous "Pitchfork" Benjamin R. Tillman of North Carolina. He had reached this important body at the age of forty-seven.

The fact that Curtis was an Indian attracted much notice in the Upper House though he was not the first man of red blood to reach the Senate. John Randolph of Roanoke, descendant of Pocahontas, was the first. Then too, Matthew Stanley Quay of Pennsylvania had some drops of Sandusky Seneca blood in his veins, of which he was inordinately proud. Curtis came next in the aboriginal line, to be joined later on by Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma who was part Cheyenne, having an ancestor among the valorous people whose appearance at Council Grove caused Charlie

Curtis to make that fast trip to Topeka. The two "Indians" were always very friendly, and Owen, though a Democrat, came out after Curtis' nomination in favor of his ticket. In the Senate they were usually in harmony when any matter affecting Indian interests came up. They are credited with having but one flare-up. A difference arose over some tribal matter and their speech took on the shrill tone of the war-whoop. Greatly excited they made for the well before the Vice-President's desk. There they faced each other with such fierceness as to awe the Senate which sat expectantly as if awaiting the use of tomahawks and scalping knives. Kaw and Cheyenne shouted until breathless. Then some sense of the absurdity of the thing struck both and the war-cries softened into normal speech. The next day and thereafter they were in the usual accord.

As a member of the Senate Curtis was not long in making his mark as a worker and a man who knew how to get things done with-

out fuss. Common sense ruled his actions together with loyalty to party and purpose. Toward the end of his term he was honored by being made President pro tem.

The Progressive movement led by former President Theodore Roosevelt got under way in 1912 after he had failed to secure the regular Republican nomination at the Chicago national convention. The breezy Colonel appealed to breezy Kansas and in the mix-up that resulted, excellent as had been his record, Senator Curtis failed to succeed himself. Though he carried Kansas on the total vote he lost out under the district system and Joseph L. Bristow, Progressive, gained the seat.

In 1914 the Seventeenth Amendment to the United States Constitution was in effect, providing for the direct election of Senators by the people. Curtis entered the primary lists against Senator Bristow and defeated him for the nomination. In the election that followed he was elected over George A. Neeley, the Democratic candidate, and returned to Wash-

ington. He was reëlected in 1920 and again in 1926 to serve until March 4, 1933.

The United States Senate is the most powerful elective body in the world. It consists of ninety-six members, two from each of the forty-eight states of the Union. Until 1913 senators were not chosen by popular vote, as were the members of Congress. Under the Constitution, every ten years Congress is supposed to reapportion itself to fit the figures revealed by the nation-wide census taken each decade, by which the membership is pro-rated to the population. The senators are selected arbitrarily without regard to the number of inhabitants of the states from which they come. Little commonwealths like Rhode Island and Delaware are therefore as potent in the upper house as New York or Pennsylvania, greatest of the galaxy. The only change since the adoption of the Constitution was to permit their election by the people instead of state legislatures in joint session. This method was set aside because many men representing

great financial interests by reason of their wealth and power could secure a legislative endorsement by devious methods that were, it was thought, less possible where a senator came directly from the people.

The Senate acts in its special chamber in a wing of the Capitol at Washington. It must pass all legislation before it can become a law. In only one thing can the House of Representatives be supreme and that is in the originating of appropriations. So its Appropriations Committee is a very important body, but all that it does must finally pass the scrutiny of the Senate's Finance Committee. Moreover it supervises Presidential appointments and passes on the executive treaty-making powers. All appointments and treaties are subject to "the advice and consent of the Senate," which is often withheld. So it really rules the nation, save where its measures may be upset by the United States Supreme Court on constitutional grounds.

When Curtis reached the Senate the leader

of the Republican side was W. Murray Crane of Massachusetts, a paper manufacturer of great wealth and an exceedingly astute man. He managed skillfully to keep his colleagues together. A quiet personality and shrinking demeanor misled people into thinking him inconsequential. There was never a greater mistake. He could handle other men with amazing success. His health was delicate and Senator Curtis was selected to act as his aid. This he did with diplomacy and success. After Senator Crane's death Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts succeeded him and Senator Curtis continued as assistant leader. He followed Senator Lodge on the floor after his death in 1924, and has held the leadership ever since, being considered the most successful floor leader the Senate has ever known. His influence is asserted quietly, in private discussion with senators, at which difficulties are smoothed out and harmony insured.

His task was to establish something approaching unity among Republican senators,

widely separated by factional differences—regulars, progressives, radicals—and he did it about so often as it was humanly possible to do so. When "wild men were shrieking through the keyholes," the quiet little jockey from Kansas sat serenely by until the tumult subsided and then calmly negotiated a settlement that insured his gaining the end sought.

Charles Curtis, Senator, is a short, thick-set man with broad shoulders and a trim frame. His hair is getting thin, but resists the coming of gray. Descended from White Hair, his own has held most of its darkness. His eyes are jet-black, bright and searching and they twinkle as he smiles, besides which a deep dimple shows itself in each cheek. Dimples are not dignified but the Senate tolerates these two out of regard for their owner. His speech is short and sharp, and somehow suggests the quick bark of the prairie dog. There is no nonsense in his mental processes, no fumbling in coming to a conclusion. His energy is un-Indian in its indefatigability.

He is a ceaseless worker. The warriors could be active on the hunt or the war-path. Then they never spared themselves. But they were not for work. When Curtis has anything to do he attends to it forthwith. He does not know how to dawdle. Nor does he show his inmost feelings. This is what is called a "poker" face. The stolidity of his mother's race has descended to him in his ability to hide his emotions.

As a member of the Finance and Appropriations Committees, he played an all-important part in the task of restoring the Nation's fiscal affairs to a peace-time basis. His was a watchful eye for wasteful expenditure. It has been figured that by reason of bills and amendments started by Senator Curtis, the Government has saved over $83,000,000.

In habit the Senator from Kansas is a silent man—perhaps an inheritance of Kaw taciturnity. Indians do not waste words. Women and children may prattle and boys indulge in noisy games, but the elders are not given to

wasteful speech. Indian grunts, or rather ejaculations, often take the place of words. The time for speech around the council fire is used economically. "Ugh" and "How" supply all that is needed for comment. To this day Charlie Curtis grunts his assents and dissents.

The United States Senate is the greatest debating society in the world. It talks bills to death and almost exhausts its own capacity in words rather than limit debates. Senator Curtis, as floor leader on the Republican side, has frequently found this tiresome, enabling, as it often does, a minority to balk the wishes of the majority. He has long favored changes in rules that would end useless or filibustering speech-making. As an example therefore to others he does not talk much. When he does he is sententious and to the point.

He can usually express himself fully in one minute and was largely instrumental in bringing about the adoption of the two-thirds cloture rule in 1917. It was upon his motion

that the rules were amended to prevent conferees from legislating. This has virtually eliminated jokers from acts of Congress. Senator Lodge pronounced it the most important change in the rules in the history of the Senate.

Senators were once persons of prodigious dignity as befits members of so important a body. Since it has become popular by direct election from the people dignity is less in evidence and effervescence plays a greater part in its proceedings.

Next to being President or Vice-President, the Senator occupies the highest political position in the United States. In the Senate Chamber Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun and Stephen A. Douglas made their fame in days before 1861. Benjamin F. Wade, Oliver P. Morton, Hannibal Hamlin, James G. Blaine, William P. Frye and Roscoe Conkling shone here. Under the new system of popular selection there have been fewer great men in the body, but more useful ones. Moreover, the people are no longer put in the

position of having their wishes thwarted by men in whose election they could have no hand and who held ideas indifferent to the public welfare. Senator Curtis, elected under both systems, never served any interest save those of the body politic.

Throughout his term of service in both the House and Senate, he worked for all prohibition legislation. In 1928 he was credited with saving the bill raising the prohibition enforcement unit to the status of a bureau when it was threatened with extinction in a filibuster.

As becomes a Kansan, he was active in behalf of all measures of interest to the farmers that have come before Congress during his long period of service. In the battle over farm relief legislation in the last session, Senator Curtis voted for the McNary-Haugen bill, though he personally favored less extreme plans and supported President Coolidge's veto of that measure.

He was the author of numerous agricultural bills, and one of the first men in Congress to

introduce a bill to amend the Interstate Commerce Act so as to protect the farmers. Through his efforts, with others, the wheat producers suffering from successive crop failures were assisted.

He introduced the bill for the Farm Loan Board allowing the Government to buy $25,000,000 worth of bonds to facilitate the reduction of interest rates to farmers which saved the plan from failure.

Perhaps his knowledge of the political power of women among the Indians aided Senator Curtis in taking early a strong stand in favor of the 19th Amendment to the Constitution which gave women the right to vote in the United States. During the campaigning that led up to the final victory, he was an active and ardent supporter of the cause. It had found little or no favor among his fellow-statesmen. Not more than a dozen senators were inclined to heed the prayer of the women for equality, and none of these were aggressive on its behalf. Senator Curtis

granted to the national organization the use of his name and frank to send out their literature.

Leader of the Senate in 1919 he largely directed the fight which ended in the adoption of the amendment. He has twice introduced in the Senate the Equal Rights amendment proposed by the National Women's party which would do away with such inequalities as still affect women disadvantageously in the several states. Beyond this he sponsored the bill to protect the rights of American women who might marry foreigners, and also introduced the bill providing for the proper accommodation of female prisoners in Federal prisons.

In the Senate he has always been held in high esteem by his colleagues of both parties. "A great reconciler, a walking political encyclopedia and one of the best political poker players in America," is Senator William E. Borah's opinion of him.

Loyalty was inbred in him and amid all the

storm waves that have swept Kansas he has kept his feet and remained true to the Republican party. He could always be relied upon to stand by whether to his advantage or not. Like all purposeful men Senator Curtis is regular in his habits. This has long been his daily schedule:

6:45 A.M.—Arises.

7:45 A.M.—Breakfast. The meal is of the usual variety—fruit, eggs, bacon, toast, coffee.

9:00 A.M.—Autos to the Senate office building.

Rest of Morning—In conference, or at Senate session.

1:00 P.M.—Lunches out.

Rest of afternoon—At work.

6:00 P.M.—Returns home, walking three miles.

10:00 P.M.—Retires—after reading an hour or two.

The major part of his time is spent in Washington where he finds plenty to do. His rooms in the Senate office building are about as busy

during the recess period as they are when the Senate is in session.

The Senator has always maintained his kinship with the Kaws. Every September he visits them at their tribal center in Oklahoma and keeps a close eye on their affairs. Thanks to his watchfulness when the Indian Territory was merged with Oklahoma, he saw that Indian mineral rights were protected. This has made his cousins the Osages the richest people in the world, with incomes from oil wells that average $10,000 a year for each. As to the Kaws a few of them were lucky and are well off.

In most states the Senators represent sections. By chance Arthur Capper and Charles Curtis, Conscript Fathers from Kansas, are both from Topeka and oddly enough have their homes on opposite corners of Topeka Avenue at Eleventh Street. Until the flood of 1903 Curtis had lived in North Topeka. After that tragic affair he purchased his present home in the southern section of the city.

This flood cost thirty-five lives and did vast damage to property. Among those imperiled by the raging waters was the Senator's Grandmother Curtis, then ninety-three years old. His first thought was of her and he saw her safely removed to a place above the danger line. His own losses were large; his library was ruined and all the mementos of his Indian boyhood swept away.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT DAY

THE Government of the United States is carried on by what is called the party system. That is, voters join themselves together and form political parties, such as the Republicans and the Democrats. Candidates for President and Vice-President are nominated at national conventions of these parties although this was not always the custom. Indeed voters do not now cast their ballots directly for President and Vice-President. They vote for electors, and some time after election day the electors of the winning side meet at the state capitals and formally cast their ballots for the candidate on whose side they were chosen. The electors are in most instances named at Congressional conventions, though each state is allowed to designate them in its own way.

In South Carolina they are chosen by the Legislature, and in Pennsylvania by the Presidential candidates themselves.

In the beginning electors were supposed to be men of good judgment and character, selected without regard for party, because of their qualities. They were supposed to assemble, cast their eyes over the country and pick the persons they believed most competent to be President and Vice-President. In this way George Washington and John Adams became respectively the first President and Vice-President, to be followed by Adams as President and Thomas Jefferson as Vice-President.

Then Jefferson organized a party called the Republican, which in time became the Democratic, and instead of leaving the selection of President to the wisdom of the electors, candidates were nominated in a caucus of representatives in Congress held in Washington, thus escaping very early from the wisdom of the fathers about which we hear so much. This system provoked severe criticism and was

called "King Caucus" because the electors were set aside and the will of the people was subordinated to political aims. Andrew Jackson broke the power of this caucus method and the national conventions came into being. For one hundred years they have selected candidates for the electors to ratify.

National conventions it will be remembered meet once in four years. These quadrennial occasions are great affairs. They have always stirred the nation, but since the coming of the radio have created much more widespread interest. To attend one is to have something to remember. Few cities have accommodations for such large assemblies and often special buildings, almost as large as a stadium, have to be constructed. Though only a thousand or so delegates have to be sheltered there come with them often as many "alternates" and great crowds of enthusiastic supporters and scores of newspaper and Press Association correspondents, besides members of the local community eager to see what is going on.

Cities bid large sums—sometimes as much as $250,000—for the privilege of entertaining a convention for a few days. The winning towns become centers of world interest for the moment. For days before the show begins it is advertised broadly. Advance guards of prospective candidates appear early upon the scene and set their snares for delegates. With them come politicians seeking advantages in case of victory. It is a grand vanity fair. Banners wave everywhere. Tall hats and linen dusters abound. Favorite sons are boomed by their respective states. The glad hand is everywhere outstretched. Bands blare and tin horns toot. Thus the convention becomes more of a paroxysm than a serious event, though its consequences are often serious enough.

The National Committee made up of members from each of the 48 states manages the affair. A temporary chairman calls the convention to order and makes a speech in which he endeavors to sound a keynote for the

campaign and is dubbed the "keynoter" in consequence. When he has thrilled the gathering he gives way to a permanent chairman who runs the convention thereafter. A committee on credentials scans the cards of the delegates. There are often contests which have to be decided before the roll of delegates qualified to act can be made up. Then there must be a committee on resolutions to devise a party platform on which the candidates are expected to stand. It expresses the principles the party intends to carry out if it can.

The Republican party held its first national convention at Philadelphia, on June 17, 1856. It nominated for President Lieutenant Colonel John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," as he was called from his fame as explorer in the far West and Rocky Mountain regions. On his various expeditions he had crossed the Kaw country more than once and led the way for the immigration that followed. William L. Dayton of New Jersey was candidate for Vice-President. They were defeated by James

Buchanan of Pennsylvania and John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky. In 1860 the Republicans met at Chicago for the second time and nominated Abraham Lincoln of Illinois, with Hannibal Hamlin of Maine in second place. Three other tickets were headed respectively by Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky and John Bell of Tennessee.

Lincoln and Hamlin won and the war between North and South resulted. In 1864 Lincoln was renominated but with Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, a war Democrat, as Vice-President. They defeated General George B. McClellen, the first commander of the Union armies, and George H. Pendleton of Ohio, Democrats. In 1868 the Republicans nominated General U. S. Grant, who had brought the civil conflict to a victorious conclusion, with Schuyler Colfax of Indiana for Vice-President. They won over Horatio Seymour of New York and Frank P. Blair of Missouri. Grant was renominated in 1872

with Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. To oppose this ticket independent Republicans held a convention at Cincinnati and nominated Horace Greeley of New York, the famous editor of the *Tribune,* for President and B. Gratz Brown of Missouri, for Vice-President. These candidates were endorsed by a Democratic convention held at Baltimore. Grant and Wilson won.

In 1876 the Republicans met at Cincinnati, Ohio, and there nominated Rutherford B. Hayes of Ohio and William A. Wheeler of New York. Against these the Democrats ran Samuel J. Tilden, Governor of New York, and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. On the face of the returns Tilden won, by one electoral vote. He had a popular majority of 250,000. Charges of fraud in several Southern states led to throwing the election into the hands of an electoral commission, established by act of Congress. This body found in favor of Mr. Hayes.

The next Republican convention, that of

1880, nominated James A. Garfield of Ohio and Chester A. Arthur of New York. They defeated General Winfield Scott Hancock of Pennsylvania and William H. English of Indiana. In 1884 James G. Blaine of Maine, and John A. Logan of Illinois were the Republican candidates. They were beaten by Grover Cleveland of New York and Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana. In 1888 Benjamin Harrison of Indiana and Levi P. Morton defeated Cleveland and Allen G. Thurman of Ohio. Mr. Cleveland came back in 1892 beating Mr. Harrison, with Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois as Vice-President. The convention of 1896 nominated William McKinley of Ohio, with Garrett A. Hobart of New Jersey for Vice-President. They defeated William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska and Arthur Sewell of Maine on the Democratic ticket. In 1900 Mr. McKinley was renominated with Theodore Roosevelt of New York for running mate, Mr. Hobart having died in office. Mr. Bryan ran again as a

Democrat with Adlai E. Stevenson for Vice-President. McKinley and Roosevelt were victors. The convention of 1904 named Roosevelt, who had become President through the assassination of Mr. McKinley. Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana was the Vice-Presidential candidate. The ticket won, defeating Alton B. Parker of New York and Henry G. Davis of West Virginia. In 1908 William H. Taft of Ohio was selected by the Republicans with James S. Sherman of New York as Vice-President. William Jennings Bryan ran again for the Democracy with John W. Kern of Indiana, for Vice-President. Taft was victor. When he sought renomination in 1912 Theodore Roosevelt contested at Chicago. Taft was triumphant in securing the regular Republican nomination with Herbert S. Hadley of Missouri as candidate for Vice-President. Then Colonel Roosevelt bolted and ran for President on an independent ticket with Hiram W. Johnson of California as running mate, forming a new party called the Progres-

sives. This split in the Republican ranks resulted in the election of Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey, a Democrat, with Thomas R. Marshall of Indiana, as Vice-President. When 1916 came around the Republicans picked Charles E. Hughes of New York for President, and Charles W. Fairbanks of Indiana for Vice-President. Wilson and Marshall won. The entry of America into the World War followed.

The Republican candidate for President in 1920 was Warren G. Harding of Ohio with Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts for Vice-President. They defeated James M. Cox of Ohio and Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York. Mr. Harding's death in office made Mr. Coolidge the President. He was nominated in 1924 with Charles G. Dawes of Indiana for Vice-President. They defeated John W. Davis of West Virginia and Charles W. Bryan of Nebraska, brother of William Jennings Bryan.

Nineteen-twenty-eight being a convention

year the two great parties, Republican and Democratic, again selected their candidates for President and Vice-President. The Republicans met at Kansas City, Missouri, on June 11th. The Democrats assembled two weeks later at Houston, Texas.

For months before a national convention friends of the various candidates busy themselves trying to obtain delegates friendly to the candidate they represent. If possible they arrange to have the delegates instructed by the local convention which sends them to cast their vote for this man or that. Often these delegations will be interested in backing a favorite son who really has little hope of winning, but wishes to have his name brought before the convention to aid him in some other political project he may have in mind. And sometimes these favorite son votes are of a purely complimentary nature.

In 1928 Charles Curtis was a candidate for the head of the ticket. He felt that the nomination was pretty sure to go to a Western man,

and that his long legislative experience at Washington had well fitted him for the position of Chief Executive. The delegates from Kansas had been instructed to support him and his name was placed in nomination by J. N. Tincher of Hutchinson, Kansas. Usually nominating speeches are flowery and often they are full of fervor. The speech of Mr. Tincher nominating the Kaw Indian was no exception. He said:

"Upon me has devolved the privilege of placing before this convention, as Republican candidate for President of the United States, the name of a man whom you all know, admire, and respect. He has, I am sure, and so are the many thousands who endorse him and for whom I am speaking, all the high qualities which we demand of a candidate for such an exalted position of honor, difficulty and trust. He has a simplicity and dignity of manner, a quietness of speech, and a personableness of appearance which instantly command our liking and respect. He is one whom we can be

"P & A Photo"

SENATOR CURTIS AND KIN

Reading from Left to Right: Mrs. Leona Curtis Knight, Daughter, Who Seconded Senator Curtis' Nomination; Henry K. Curtis, of Chicago, Son; Senator Charles Curtis; Mrs. Dolly Curtis Gann, Sister; and Mrs. Rome Colvin, Sister

Underwood & Underwood

SENATOR CURTIS' FIRST SCHOOL TEACHER

J. E. Foucht Reminds Vice-Presidential Nominee of the Time He Licked Him for Swapping Knives

proud to have this nation and all the nations of the world look to as the foremost figure on the Western Hemisphere; the leader of the people of the United States; the head of the greatest republic of all times.

"Our commanding position among the nations of the world demands a leader who knows the way, needs and interests of all manner of men, but particularly those of the average citizen making the solid foundation on which our national prosperity and happiness are builded; one who knows the ways, needs, and interests of our communities, our states, and our United States. The one whose name I am about to present has devoted all of his adult life in a signally successful endeavor to further those ways, needs, and interests, and he holds them to be his own.

"He is familiar with the many and complex problems of administration existing in our beloved country; one who knowing the difficulties brings to their solution the accumulated wisdom of years of experience in dealing with

similar problems. He is one of whom other men in high place say, 'There is a man who gets the big things done, when and in the manner they should be done, and without waste of time, words, or effort.'

"So judge and say those who know the man and the work he has performed. This ability is the result of long years of close observation of, and participation in, the functioning of our government; the result of more than three decades of political executive experience. From 1893 to date, with the exception of two years, he has been in Congress, first in the lower house and, since 1907, in the Senate. In the house, he has had the benefits derived from close personal friendship with, and study of, all the great Republican leaders of his time, their methods, thoughts, and actions—such men as Reed, Sherman, Cannon, Dalzell, Dingley and Payne.

In the Senate he has had equal opportunity as a close personal friend of such illustrious political figures as Aldrich, Knox, Lodge,

Root, Dolliver and Allison, as well as the many others whose work and character go far to make up the history of the achievements of the Republican party.

"That he has profited in wisdom from these opportunities, is evident. He has risen steadily in our party to his present position as majority leader of the Senate—a key position in our form of government, the power and influence of which we all know. With no inherited advantages of wealth or position; entirely on his own initiative and resource; and unheralded, he has come from obscurity and made for himself among us a name and place which few can hope to equal. He has made of himself an example by which all men may know this is indeed the land of opportunity.

"Never in his long years of public service has there been question as to his honesty, integrity, loyalty, or ability. They are conceded by friend and foe alike. He has always and will always keep faith with the people. He is a firm believer in, and advocate of, party gov-

ernment and party responsibility. His political program is:

"1. To continue administration policies; foster prosperity and promote economy.

"2. To safeguard legitimate business.

"3. To help the farmer.

"4. Not to forget the West.

"5. To enforce the law.

"6. To safeguard religious liberty.

"We know we can trust this man with the honor and well-being of the country and the Republican party. We can unreservedly follow his leadership and guidance, for the work of years has demonstrated his fitness. He is truly a noteworthy product of our civilization —an American of Americans.

"I have the distinction to present to the national convention of the party we love, as candidate for President of the United States, the name of the Honorable Charles Curtis, of Kansas."

Kansas responded to this from floor and galleries. The applause and cheering went on

for twenty-three minutes. When the tumult died down Mrs. Herbert J. Cornwall of Kansas, quite in keeping with the Kaw custom of allowing the women to do at least part of the talking, took the floor to second the nomination. She said:

"This great land of America is indeed a miracle! Forty-eight states, or nations, a combined unit, with a multiplicity of nationalities producing but one idea of nationalism—a single language spoken.

"In the center of this great miracle—these United States of America—we have Kansas, the very heart, from which we bring you the present-day Lincoln of this country, Senator Charles Curtis, a son of Kansas.

"Was it not the 'Kanza' breeze; the early jockey days; the inborn disgust at trickery and dishonesty; the admonition of faithful grandmothers to 'go out and work for the right'; the strenuous 'cabby' days while gaining an education; the unswerving prosecution of higher-ups first, thereby making an enviable prohibi-

tion record during county attorney office tenure; the determination to treat friend and foe alike and make friends of foes; the fundamental honesty; demonstrated repeatedly during thirty-three years of service in governmental affairs in Washington, that have given Senator Curtis such executive ability that he can take the requirements of the hour and the demands of the future and crystallize them into a definite, practical plan of procedure. Indeed, in issues pertaining to our national welfare, he is justly considered our encyclopedist.

"Perhaps his being such a good jockey in his youth made it possible for him to take the 'jokers' from acts of Congress, thus saving untold time and money. It has been asserted that laws which have been originated by him and passed through his efforts have saved the government many millions of dollars. A stanch Republican, yes; he has been true always to his party and to the American people.

"Born in the agricultural West, his heart attuned to the needs of the plains people; also,

years spent in the industrial East have endowed him with a rich understanding of the needs of that section. His keen intellect has led him to study the problems of all peoples. In him we have a local, a national, an international figure.

"Women to-day are a potent factor in the political destiny of the United States. To Senator Curtis they owe much. He 'whipped' women's suffrage to a final enactment—an amendment to our Constitution. Reiteration of his help to the soldier and the farmer could be made; but, it is sufficient to say, if, in this political chaos of to-day we want a man for president, who has drunk deep at the fountain of justice; if we want a man who has experienced the joys and sorrows of all stratas of humanity; if we want a man whose life is so founded upon the bedrock of human needs that his vision and interpretation of the future is as clear as the noon-day sun; then let us have a man from the very heart of this miracle of miracles—Senator Charles Curtis, of Kan-

sas. I, therefore, am most delighted to second his nomination for President of the United States."

Surely if fine words mean anything those should have been of effect. But the stars were set otherwise. Herbert Hoover of California, Secretary of Commerce in the Cabinet of President Coolidge, was placed in nomination by John L. McNab of California and swept the convention on the first ballot.

Usually the supporters of the winning man seek to emphasize his triumph with what they call a demonstration. Men seize banners and parade around the hall cheering and singing. Others stamp the floor. The rest howl or blow horns or make use of other noise-making appearances. The bands blare. Bedlam breaks loose. And the longer the demonstration can be made to last the greater the measure of enthusiasm reported. At Kansas City the acclaim that followed Herbert C. Hoover's success lasted twenty-eight minutes, five minutes longer than the Curtis acclaim.

When the tumult and the shouting died and the bands became still the next business was the choice of a Vice-Presidential candidate. In his case there had been no premeditated collecting of delegates. Kansas had come to the convention to present Charles Curtis for first place, and had done so. When the next nomination came up for consideration the eyes of the convention began to turn toward him without premeditation. The leaders remembered the dissatisfied state of mind in which the wheat and corn growers of the West were left by the failure of Frank O. Lowden of Illinois, their candidate, to secure the nomination. Senator William E. Borah of Idaho advised and urged the nomination of Curtis. Others in the field were Governor A. P. Fuller of Massachusetts, a man of wealth and power; former Governor Chase S. Osborn of Michigan, an important figure; Governor S. A. Baker of Missouri; Congressman John Q. Tilson of Connecticut, Republican floor leader in the House of Representatives; Han-

ford MacNider, former Commander of the American Legion and ex-assistant Secretary of War; Herman L. Ekern, former attorney-general of Wisconsin, and the present Vice-President, Charles G. Dawes.

Senator Borah saw that after he had made his suggestion sentiment for Curtis was crystallizing rapidly, so he put the suggestion into practical form by placing Curtis in nomination himself. His speech, which was purely extemporaneous, follows:

"This gathering is drawing near its close and I've no desire to detain you, and to indulge in eulogies at this time would be almost impertinence.

"I'm about to place before you for Vice-President a man who is the most universally known and the most universally beloved of all the public servants now in the upper branch of Congress.

"As leader of the majority he has disclosed tact, consideration, loyalty to the administration and devotion to the interests of the whole

country. He is a child of the Midwest, but his sympathy is as broad as the country.

"His record is one which is written in public records of our country in statutes and law and public service. For forty years he has stood in the fierce light of the public gaze and at this time no man would dare challenge his integrity, ability or patriotism.

"In behalf of the great Midwest, in behalf of the entire nation, in behalf of all who have given to that office the dignity it deserves, I nominate the Honorable Charles Curtis, of the state of Kansas."

Senator Walter E. Edge, of New Jersey, "seconded" the nomination. There were plenty of others seconding speeches, but perhaps the most novel was that made by Mrs. Leona Curtis Knight, of Providence, R. I., the Senator's daughter. It was the first time that a daughter of a candidate had made herself heard in such a rôle in a national convention. This is the way one of the papers told the story:

"Without warning or the opportunity to prepare a speech, she was hurried to the platform at the urging of her masculine conferees, and as she stood, a slim, dark figure, with dark eyes and bright cheeks glowing under her gay crimson hat, a wave of applause swept the hall.

" 'Beautiful!' went in a whisper around the great convention hall as this attractive looking young woman with an entrancing smile that displayed perfect teeth took the platform and said with apparent diffidence but in a clear voice:

" 'I am asked by my delegation to come and second the nomination of Senator Curtis of Kansas.'

"The biggest cheer of all went up then, but it was more of a tribute to the daughter than to the father.

"Her low voice, just a little uncertain from the unexpected honor so suddenly trust upon her, she spoke her brief message and hurried back to her place, followed by congratulations

from every side. Then, with hands clasping and unclasping, she rose again with the house, in salute to her father, who had followed her on the rostrum beside Senator Moses.

"'I think it is great and I was so proud to do it,' she said, her eyes shining and not once leaving her father."

Other nominations followed. From Alabama to Minnesota the count called for Curtis. The great northwestern state cast three votes for Dawes, Curtis rolled on thereafter until North Dakota divided, giving him seven and Ekern six of her delegates. Other delegations split, but upon the completion of the roll call the nomination of Curtis was made unanimous and Senator Curtis was escorted to the platform where he made this address of thanks and placed himself before the country:

"I greatly appreciate the high honor which has been conferred upon me. I came to Kansas City hoping to receive the nomination for the Presidency. My friends made a gallant fight for me and remained loyal until the last

and I cannot find words sufficient to express my gratitude to them.

"When the result was announced I gladly bowed to the will of the majority and was ready to begin work for the success of the nominee, Secretary Hoover. I was not a candidate for Vice-President and did not seek the nomination, but it is gratifying indeed to have been nominated by this great convention, and I am thankful to the delegates for their expression of confidence in me.

"In 1924 I was pleased indeed to be able to bring the majority leadership of the United States Senate to the Central West, and had hoped to bring the nominee of our party for the Presidency to our section of this great country, but, failing in that, I am happy to have the convention give this nomination for the vice-presidency to my native state, Kansas.

"I believe in settling all our party disagreements in our party convention, and when the delegates have expressed their will I feel it a

duty to join with others and do everything possible for the success of our ticket.

"I am indeed thankful for the great honor conferred upon me and shall have a talk with Secretary Hoover and members of the National Committee at the first opportunity and help to formulate a plan for the great campaign that is before us.

"I feel certain that with the splendid record of the Republican Administration under the wise leadership of President Coolidge, and with such an able and experienced man as Secretary Hoover at the head of our ticket, our party will be successful in November."

Witnessing his triumph from the convention gallery was the Senator's other daughter, Mrs. C. P. George, his son, Henry K. Curtis, a lawyer in Chicago, and his sister, Mrs. Edward Everett Gann.

Part of Kansas City lies in Kansas. The distance to Topeka is not great. After his nomination Senator Curtis speeded thither by automobile over the fine roads that have re-

placed the prairie trails, and along smiling farms where once the skin tepee of the savage was the only sign of human habitation and over which buffalo thundered in countless droves. Topeka was ablaze with welcome. Brass bands were commandeered and the town took to the streets. Auto horns shrieked, bells rang and whistles blew. The State House was preëmpted for talk. Whenever before did a Kaw Indian make such a stir?

At the impromptu meeting a prominent Democrat was in the chair. The Governor of Kansas, Ben S. Paulen, paid Senator Curtis a glowing tribute. And Senator Arthur Capper in a burst of enthusiasm said:

"I have come to have real affection for Charlie Curtis as well as high regard and great admiration.

"The people at the convention recognized his remarkable industry, great ability, that he is level-headed and well-balanced and that he makes good on any job on which he is placed.

"Nowhere could be found a man who is

more truly a friend of agriculture than the senior senator of Kansas."

The response of Senator Curtis to all these words of trust and appreciation was short. He was no doubt too moved to speak at any great length, and he must have been dog-tired after the strain of the convention. He said:

"Friends and neighbors, this is not a political meeting. You come here as my friends and neighbors and I don't want to talk politics.

"I have gone five nights with no sleep. I didn't lose those five nights because I wanted the nomination for Vice-President, but because I wanted the nomination for President.

"They handed the vice-presidential nomination to me and I took it because I felt it was my duty to the people of Kansas, who have honored me, to do so.

"When I came to Kansas City, it was to get the presidential nomination. I'm sorry I didn't do it—my friends did the best they could and we always bow to the will of the majority. I am glad to be running mate on a

ticket headed by so able a man as Herbert Hoover.

"Thank you again for the loyal support you have always shown me."

Then came a message from Herbert Hoover:

"I wish you to know how greatly I welcome your nomination and your coöperation in the task we have before us.

"The party is to be congratulated upon your selection."

The Indian was indeed getting his full share of attention and congratulation on the very ground where as a lad his moccasined feet had trod, where as a youth the schoolgirls had giggled at him, where he had driven the old Noah's Ark of a hack, and where he had taken his first look at Kent's Commentaries and the sage observations of Sir William Blackstone.

And then there were the newspapers. "Topeka," observed the *State Journal,* "rejoices in the hour that has come to it through

the nomination of Senator Curtis for the vice-presidency. The man whose achievements long have thrilled Kansas has become the choice of a great party for the second highest honor it can bestow.

"The addition of the Kansas senator to the ticket strengthens it immeasurably in the Middle West and in the nation generally.

"Not seeking the office for which he has been named, he yielded when the call came for further service to the nation and the party. That was like 'Charlie' Curtis.

"The vote by which he was selected as the standard-bearer with Secretary Hoover, 1,052 of 1,086 casting ballots, reveals that the nation has come to know the Topekan in something of the manner in which we, his neighbors, always have regarded him.

"In his nomination Iowa and Kansas, the home of the 'tall corn' and the state that 'grows the best wheat in the world' have united to give the Republicans an all-western ticket whose election would mark the beginning of

a new day in national recognition for this region."

The owner of the *Journal,* Frank P. MacLennan, who was ill in New York, wrote from his hospital:

"Am delighted beyond measure over nomination for vice-presidency of my forty-year-old friend and twenty-year second door neighbor, Charlie Curtis, during all of which time I have strongly admired his integrity, ability, loyalty and conscientious devotion to duty and to his friends. He gets things done and may be well called the Great Accomplisher. I have tested this many, many times. Only in April last, I took up with him for days the movement to reduce newspaper postage rates, which had been advanced six times since the last year of the World War and not once decreased. He entered into the fight with vigor, intelligence and success, bringing about the senate amendment and the enactment of the law which restored the 1920 postage rates except outside zones which were not material to

local newspapers. This law will save thousands of dollars and mete out plain and deserved justice to practically every daily paper in the United States."

Over in Oklahoma there was further exultation in the cabins of the Kaws, on their reservation along the Arkansas River. Tom-toms began beating at the news that one of their tribe had been named for the second highest office in the land. Only a handful are left, but these all knew Charlie and joined in celebrating his nomination. It was as if Fourth of July had come ahead of time. This impromptu affair was followed on June 24th with a formal expression of joy in which many of the rich Osage Indians joined. A great dance was organized with Indian music and Indian dress. Charlie could not be there but his sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis Colvin, came and responded to the greetings of the tribespeople.

White folks from all about gathered to view the unusual scene. Eight full-blooded Kaws

in paint and feathers, wearing garments of white, yellow and red led a long procession which included many costly motor cars driven by Osages, to the dancing grove, a mile and a half from the village of Kaw. Blanketed women kept them company, while five old chieftains supervised the ceremonies with great dignity. Beside them stood a drummer ready to beat the tom-tom. A loud drum-beat brought order. Chief Bacon Rind of the Osages made an address congratulating his neighbors the Kaws on the distinction that had come to one of their tribe. "Cousin Charlie," he called Curtis.

When Bacon Rind ceased he wrapped himself in a blanket of scarlet and blue and sat down. The tom-toms began to sound in fury and a weird dance began under the torchlight. The rude notes of the drum were supplemented with a crooning song from the spectators, to the rhythm of which the dancers leaped in frenzy, while the women rocked backward and forward to the time of the bar-

baric tune. Yells, that once were signals of defiance, now rent the air. The dancers leaped with exhaustless energy until the chiefs called a halt for more talk. Mrs. Colvin was asked to speak for brother Charlie. "It isn't my fault," she said with emotion, "but I want you to know that I—that we—are all very proud of Charlie."

A chorus of grunts marked approval of the words. The chiefs spoke. There were further approving grunts. Then a feast was spread at which more than a score of Charlie's red second and third cousins sat down. The women served them with chicken and "waubushe" or fried bread, a much esteemed delicacy. Then they all went back to their cabins after such a day as the Kaws had not enjoyed since the long-bearded stranger was initiated in the tribe sixty years before and sang to them the song of the Muscolgee!

CHAPTER X

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

THE Vice-President is the presiding officer of the United States Senate but has no power beyond that of keeping it in order, in which duty he has the support of a sergeant-at-arms. He also is empowered to vote in case of a tie. Once the Vice-President appointed the Senate Committees, but as his political affiliations did not always coincide with those of the majority, this important privilege was taken away from him and given to a President pro tem, who of course represents the dominant party.

The Senate has few rules to interfere with unlimited debate. This makes the presiding officer's task a pretty tedious one at times. Yet the office is one of great importance and even greater possibility. Let us see what happened

to Vice-Presidents in the order of their services:

1—John Adams — succeeded George Washington as second President for one term.

2—Thomas Jefferson—became President for two terms.

3—Aaron Burr—his great ability was defeated by circumstances. Killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel, and tried to found a Southwestern Republic. Frustrated by Jefferson.

4—George Clinton—went no further.

5—Elbridge Gerry—went no further. He was the last survivor of the signers of The Declaration of Independence.

6—Daniel D. Tompkins—went no further.

7—John C. Calhoun—twice elected Vice-President, first with J. Q. Adams, and next with Andrew Jackson.

8—Martin Van Buren—elected for one term as President to succeed Andrew Jackson. First Free Soil candidate for President in 1844. Defeated.

9—Richard M. Johnson—went no further.

10—John Tyler—became President through the death of William H. Harrison.

11—George M. Dallas—went no further.

12—Millard Fillmore—became President through the death of Zachary Taylor.

13—William R. King—went no further.

14—John C. Breckinridge—ran for President in 1860 on a "Constitutional" ticket. Beaten by Abraham Lincoln.

15—Hannibal Hamlin—became a member of the Senate from Maine.

16—Andrew Johnson—succeeded Abraham Lincoln when killed by an assassin.

17—Schuyler Colfax—went no further.

18—Henry Wilson—died in office.

19—William A. Wheeler—went no further.

20—Chester A. Arthur—became President through the killing of James A. Garfield.

21—Thomas A. Hendricks—went no further.

22—Levi P. Morton—went no further.

23—A. E. Stevenson—renominated with

William J. Bryan in 1900 but defeated.

24—Garrett A. Hobart—died in office.

25—Theodore Roosevelt—became President through killing of William McKinley. Elected for a regular term. Ran independently in 1912. Defeated.

26—Charles W. Fairbanks—renominated. Defeated.

27—James S. Sherman—died in office.

28—Thomas R. Marshall—reëlected.

29—Calvin Coolidge—made President by death of Warren G. Harding. Elected to a full term.

30—Charles G. Dawes—went no further.

It will be seen from this record that nine out of the thirty Vice-Presidents succeeded to the Presidency, three by promotion and six through the death of the chief magistrate. Some of them achieved notable records. Thomas Jefferson lives highest in history. He did much for his country besides having written the immortal Declaration of Independence from which we date our liberties and

Fourth of July celebrations. His greatest acts were those of buying the Louisiana territory from France and so giving the United States peaceful possession of the great Northwest, and adding the Bill of Rights to the Constitution.

John Tyler arranged for the annexation of Texas to the United States and settled the Oregon boundary dispute with Great Britain.

Millard Fillmore sent out the expedition under Commodore M. C. Perry that opened Japan up to the world.

Theodore Roosevelt brought about the construction of the Panama Canal, the greatest engineering enterprise of the age.

The salary paid the Vice-President is but $12,000 per year, against $75,000 given to the President, who also enjoys an official residence in the White House, and a special allowance for its upkeep.

THE END

MNS Visit to St Ives

Xmas – 1934 –